Out of Vietnam by '65 *The Editors*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Vender

Murray Kempton on Bobby Baker

Extreme Situation —*Paul Goodman*

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Nixon Rubs His Eyes

★ Let's look at it through the eyes of Richard Nixon. His defeat for the governorship of California seemed the end; he had that hysterical blackout when he denounced the press over TV. He moved to New York: Rockefeller's nomination seemed assured. But then Rockefeller divorced and remarried; Nixon won't tell Rockefeller, but he knows as well as anybody that this all but eliminated him. In the vacuum thus created Goldwater zoomed. Nixon pinches himself and asks is it possible? In spite of himself a little flower of hope and envy begins to sprout and grow.

Anybody who has traveled with Nixon has heard him discuss politics; it is his passion. Rule No. 1 for a candidate, he always says is, "Don't 'peak' too soon." Barry has peaked with the election a year off. For a year he is target for every barb, and what a target! Nixon rubs his eyes. Can Goldwater be taken seriously? Almost instinctively he begins comparing himself with a potential rival. Other men have taken one or two extreme positions; Barry has made his bed of them. Can he take this man seriously? Nixon's last week's interview in *US News and World Report* is superficially friendly but actually damning; in effect he says it's preposterous to think that a GOP candidate can win with only the South and West and not the big-city industrial states. (Goldwater enthusiasts don't agree.) Take Ohio, says Nixon; the right-to-work issue is crucial, the issue that licked Senator Bricker in '58 (and Knowland in California). But Barry is for state right-to-work laws, Nixon points out and adds, "that position can be most difficult for him." But didn't Bob Taft carry Ohio? Nixon asks himself and delicately replies, "Taft took a position on labor and on various social-welfare measures which was more to the center than Goldwater's position."

And so on. Nixon politely says Rocky must move to the center from the left to get the nomination and Barry to the center from the far right. But through it all he shyly reminds us that there is one man at the center already. The interviewer notes that Nixon came within 119,000 votes of winning in 1960, and the latter demurely responds that it will take real effort to push it over this time. Barry, he says, has got to mind his image: you can't win by "being against the income tax, getting out of the UN, breaking diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, abolishing Social Security, and taking no action in the civil rights field except at the State level."

Does Nixon charge Barry with harboring these notions? Oh dear no; what he says is, "I personally believe – and Senator Goldwater, I think, now believes – that these are not tenable positions for either the nation, or for a Presidential candidate."

Notice the delicate insertion of the word "now" in that expert sentence. Few politicians could equal it. And few observers here doubt that Richard Nixon is very much aware of the curious situation shaping in his party and of the possible chances opening for him.

Block That Wheat!

★ The Republican attitude on the sale of wheat to Moscow is that they're for it, provided the Reds receive no subsidy, that Khrushchev withdraws troops from Cuba, and that Soviet Russia gives up Communism. If the deal works they could have done it better; if it fails they will blame Kennedy. Goldwater and Nixon both opposed selling wheat before the announcement.

This column thinks the arguments for the sale overwhelming. Watching the young-looking, well-tailored, well-mannered President announce it at his press conference our thoughts went beyond that. He looks quiet and competent. Sometimes we don't agree with him, but we are always impressed by his talent, restraint and self-control. He predicts a "hard, close fight" in 1964. Evidently he will run on a peace-and-prosperity slogan. He has a refreshing humor, as when a questioner raised Eisenhower's comment that he was "unclear" about Goldwater's views and JFK slyly replied that he, personally, felt he had "a very clear idea what he stands for and I think President Eisenhower will – as time goes on." There was a deft pause before the last phrase.

The Power to Persuade

★ What we miss in Mr. Kennedy we have mentioned before; it was expressed in 1940, in the last pages of Harold Laski's *The American Presidency*. Laski speaks of the "immense impact the personality of a President can make when he is able to arouse and retain the conviction that something of real importance is afoot. Whatever his effect on Congress, a President who can get to the multitude will seize the attention of the multitude. His ideas, his policies, his purposes, will shape the mental climate as will those of no other man in America.

"He must convey the sense that the victory of his purposes is really of importance; and the best way to convey that sense is to fight battles in which both his supporters and his opponents alike feel that his victory is really important. [FDR] has communicated his own eagerness to those upon whose interest he has to rely. Because he has himself cared so much, he has made others care too.

"That quality, it is important to note, has been characteristic of every significant President in the record [Laski cites Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Madison and the Roosevelts]. They were all positive Presidents. . . . The leader's passion has communicated itself to his followers. . . . It must arouse a quality of interest that is essentially moral and positive in its nature. . . . There is an exhilaration in the atmosphere, a sense of big things on foot, which lifts the individual out of himself."

And so on. It is that evangelistic sense of urgency, of angry – even reckless – commitment that we always hope we shall see breaking through the suave shell of Mr. Kennedy's urbanity, as it did in the memorable steel crisis.

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Out by 1965

We detect a radical shift in policy. Or perhaps it is only that in the last few weeks the government of the United States – the whole government – has come to grips with the problem of Vietnam in all its awful complexity, made some firm judgments about what is and is not possible and on the basis of those judgments has come forth with a long-range policy it expects all agencies of the government – State, Defense, USIA, and CIA – henceforth to support. Hints of this change came first in repeated condemnations of the "repressive" acts of the Diem regime; and then in a brief statement of the National Security Council, approved by the President and released on October 2. From this and other information thrown up in the wake of the return from Saigon of Secretary McNamara and General Taylor, one may infer that the White House has concluded that the war in Vietnam cannot be "won," and that the object of US policy must therefore be to disengage as rapidly as the requirements of security and "face" will permit. The October 2 statement notes that the President's two emissaries to Vietnam "reported their judgment that the major part of the United States' military task can be completed by the end of 1965 . . ." and it adds, significantly, that by the end of *this* year, 1,000 US military personnel can probably be withdrawn from the country. We interpret this to mean that the US will do all it can between now and 1965 to equip and train a Vietnamese army that can maintain order, contain subversion and carry forward a program of economic and social development through which the loyalty of the Vietnamese people may be kept. The further implication, it seems to us, is that these military forces or those of whom they approve will hopefully supersede the objectionable Diem rule. By the time of American military disengagement, a Vietnamese military regime will, the White House seems to hope, be sufficiently well-established so it may, if it chooses, negotiate peace with the Communists in the North. This negotiated settlement would lead to a federated or a unified country, and one that is neither a satellite of China, nor the Soviet Union, nor the United States. It would be a settlement somewhat on the Laotian pattern, and presumably one that would have the full backing of the Soviet Union.

That appears to be the blueprint. It may be wrong in some detail, it may be scrapped, and it certainly will be denied, but if this estimate of the Administration's new policy is accurate, and we are inclined to think that it is, common sense has won a victory.

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A Last Best Hope?

The military in Latin America has three functions: it is a respectable WPA project for the younger sons of wealthy land-holders, a path to respectability for the poor but talented, and a glorified police internal force.

Last year the US spent $75 million on military assistance to various Latin American countries – twice as much as in 1957. The avowed purpose of these expenditures was to help the military in various countries maintain internal security. Rifles, jeeps, coastal patrol craft, small tanks and communications equipment are the principal hardware supplied; counterinsurgency training is emphasized among the several thousand Latin American officers trained each year in the US and the Panama Canal Zone.

Yet obviously a military force capable of suppressing subversion is equally capable of suppressing the constitution – especially if, as has recently been the case, the elected government does not cooperate fully in military efforts to stamp out Communism. Early one morning in July of 1962, for example, Colonel Gonzalo Briceno, a graduate of the Ranger School at Fort Benning, Georgia, appeared with his men and a Sherman tank outside the Presidential Palace at Lima. "We demand immediate surrender," he shouted. "Avoid unnecessary bloodshed. We have enough armaments here to blow down the entire palace." Shortly thereafter President Prado was hustled away, and into his Palace moved a junta, three of whose members so cherished their associations with the American military missions in Peru that they kept autographed photographs of the US military men lying about. Later, the junta held elections; the winner, being an aristocrat, was even allowed to take office.

"Latin America has always had a high infant mortality rate."

There are more recent triumphs for American training in Latin America. In Honduras, the leader of the new junta is Colonel Osvaldo Lopez Arrello, graduate of US Air Force bases and schools. In the Dominican Republic, Colonel Wessin y Wessin, former director of training for Dominican forces and now regarded as the man of power in the new regime, is a graduate of the US Army School in the Panama Canal Zone. Major General Victory Elby Vina Roman, the Defense Minister, attended the US Armor School, Fort Knox, Kentucky. In Ecuador, the senior member of the four-man junta that deposed the president in July is Vice Admiral Ramon Castro Jijon, graduate in 1949 of the US Navy General Line School, Monterey, California. Another member of the junta, the former commander-in-chief of the Navy, Guilermo Freile, graduated in 1960 from the US Air Force Command and Staff College, Maxwell Air Force Base, Alabama. In Guatemala, Colonel Miguel Ponciano, the chief-of-staff, was trained at US Air Force schools.

Amid all this activity the State Department has had to find some alternative to despair. Its position is, therefore, that the military men now seizing power are not really like the old military dictators – the Perons, Batistas, Trujillos and Jiminezes. They do not want power in order to glorify their names or enrich themselves and their families. They are idealists, who seize power only because democratic governments have failed to make the social and economic reforms which everyone knows are necessary in Latin America. Indeed, some State Department officials seem to think that the military may prove better able to carry out such reforms – the sort envisaged by the Alliance for Progress – than their civilian counterparts. On the whole, these officials argue, the military is better organized, less corrupt, more disciplined than the civilian government; it has some of the middle-class virtues which most Latin Americans so conspicuously lack.

All this theorizing may contain a grain of truth. But so far, aside from a handful of "civic action" programs in which soldiers help build dams and roads (like the Army Engineering Corps in the United States), the military leaders in Latin America have done little to justify the hopes now pinned on them. It is perhaps true that military men are often no worse than the civilians they replace, but that is the praise of despair.

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Tito's Visit

After President Tito's triumphal trip last winter to the Soviet Union and after Khrushchev's recent "working vacations" in Yugoslavia, it was inevitable that the inventor of "nonalignment should seek to visit the US as well. The Kennedy Administration was not, for the usual political reasons, wildly anxious for Tito to come and has done very little to provide him with a platform from which to speak in this country (a point to bear in mind when Tito takes an anti-American stand). Nevertheless, the Administration knows that with all their shortcomings, Tito and his wartime guerrilla friends are by far the wisest rulers in Eastern Europe today.

In Novi Sad, a town north of Belgrade, a peasant recently explained to a foreign correspondent what has happened to Yugoslavia: "Before the war, I had 70 acres and considered myself well off. But in our village the Croats and the Serbs were at odds, and they both hated the Hungarians. During the war a neighbor would slaughter you because you went to another church in the same village, or spoke a different language. Today I am not so well off. The law allows me to have only 25 acres. And the price of wheat fixed by the government is much too low. But there is no more slaughtering in our village and the Serbs, the Croats and the Hungarians who live there hate each other a little less. This is why I believe the present regime is better than any we had in the past."

In Macedonia, near the frontiers of Greece and Albania and traditionally one of Europe's most backward regions, Moslem peasants with small caps on their heads continue to drive caravans of donkeys loaded with firewood. But the streets are also filled with Yugoslav-built Fiat cars and buses and with foreign tourists speaking all the tongues of the Western world; in the local supermarkets the meat is wrapped in cellophane and kept in freezers; in the new huge hotel a jazz band nightly plays the latest American tunes.

Yugoslavia is undergoing modernization at a pace seldom seen elsewhere; its aim is the marrying of Western technique with Slavonic tradition and with the Socialist principles believed in by Yugoslavia's rulers, if not all Yugoslavs. This transformation is taking place under conditions of comparative liberty. Unless the individual tries to organize an active opposition to the regime, he is not molested. He can complain publicly as much as he wants. He can travel abroad; and if the government gives him only $10 for travel expenses, there seem to be ways of arranging the necessary foreign currency. Yugoslav writers are not told by the party that they have to create "positive heroes." And though President Tito on his return from Moscow did lash out against abstract painting, Yugoslav art has not as a result surrendered to "socialist realism." (This is not to say that Yugoslavia is entirely free. Djilas is still in jail and unfortunately he is not alone.)

This atmosphere of considerable liberty and a rising standard of living is no doubt due in great measure to the more than $1 billion of aid which the US and Western Europe have given to Yugoslavia in the past 15 years and which is still continuing. Despite the kind words which the Yugoslav leaders exchange now on every occasion with Mr. Khrushchev, despite their support, mostly platonic, of most Soviet foreign policy, despite frequent criticism of the West, these millions of dollars have not been wasted; they have made this Balkan country a shining example of the difference between the Western and the Soviet way of life. Tito's effort to coexist with Moscow may be due not only to his own sentimental attachment to the Communist ideals of his youth, but also to an effort to counterbalance his people's predilection for the West. This official determination to keep the boat in the center of the stream – off the Western as well as the Eastern bank – has been the guiding strategy of Yugoslavia in its external relations for more than a decade.

What de Gaulle and JFK Have in Common

The following comment is attributed to President Kennedy: "One thing is certain: General de Gaulle is going to be here for a long time, and I am going to be here for a long time too. It is up to both of us to improve relations between the United States and France."

This remark, made last week after the Washington visit of Maurice Couve de Murville, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, conveys accurately the new attitude with which both Washington and Paris have decided to approach all the misunderstandings, all the conflicts which separate Gaullism from the Kennedy Administration. The upshot of the exasperation felt by both sides with respect to the Russians, the Germans, Europe, South Vietnam, or Cuba was the conviction in Paris that nothing could be done until Kennedy's successor arrived in the White House, and the hope in Washington that General de Gaulle would not seek to be re-elected President of the French Republic. Members of the French opposition to de Gaulle have been making increasing contacts with the US government, just as American Republicans have been stepping up the frequency of their visits to General de Gaulle.

Now, suddenly, both the French and the American Presidents have come to realize that each of them firmly intends to remain in office, and that they both stand a better chance of succeeding in this goal if they can work

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out together some kind of compromise. Of course this doesn't mean that these two great men are solely and exclusively motivated by their concern to win at the polls. The fact is, however, that for both of them to carry out their respective "grand designs" they must remain in power, and for this they need each other. After all, this isn't the first time in a democracy that international relations have been determined by a concern for domestic opinion.

It is very clear that President Kennedy has his own political reasons for fearing GOP exploitation of Gaullist propaganda. One can well imagine how a Goldwater, a Nixon or a Rockefeller might use too deep a disagreement between Kennedy and de Gaulle in the 1964 political campaign. The President of the United States might even, in such a case, be accused of preferring the Russians to the last of three great leaders of the West (after Roosevelt and Churchill); it would be easy to point to General de Gaulle's intransigence on negotiations with the East. Mr. Kennedy could thus be made to appear as an "appeaser," prepared to make every kind of concession to Moscow.

And finally, Gaullism might, perhaps, go so far in Europe as to provoke such a defiant attitude toward the United States that the repercussions in the US would prove most disagreeable. In France the opponents of de Gaulle think the Americans overestimate these hazards, but they are in any case a source of concern to Mr. Kennedy's friends.

Despite minor differences, General de Gaulle faces more or less the same problem as Mr. Kennedy. It is a fact that the mystique of national independence so dear to Gaullism is fairly popular in France; hence the French Chief of State has in principle little to fear from rejection by America. It is likewise true that in order to achieve his goal of awakening Europe from its torpor and accustoming that continent to a policy of self-reliance rather than reliance on the United States for financial backing and leadership, de Gaulle needs and deems it expedient to maintain a certain amount of tension. However, he must take into account attacks against him in France based on the theme of France's isolation from the rest of the world because of General de Gaulle. Furthermore, the French government really believes it has reason to fear the powerful coalition of American, European, and Communist interests in France. To confirm this, all one need do is listen to certain French ministers; according to them, most of the French press and a large portion of union leadership have "sold out" to the United States. One of this group (a minister) recently told me, apparently in perfectly good faith: "The price we must pay for the independence of France, so far as the United States is concerned, is frightening. When the mighty American juggernaut gets under way, it is likely to crush everything in its path. We are beginning to understand the Latin American countries."

And so it is plausible from now on to expect a sort of collaboration of a practical and political nature between President Kennedy and President de Gaulle, which will be confirmed by de Gaulle's proposed February visit to the United States. Secretary of State Dean Rusk was simply amazed when, after he had tendered the routinely courteous expressions of his government's pleasure at the prospect of receiving General de Gaulle, he heard Couve de Murville seize the occasion to reply that the General was prepared to give Mr. Kennedy this pleasure at the earliest possible moment.

Actually, there is another and far more objective reason for collaboration between de Gaulle and Kennedy. The French and the Americans have both come to realize – rather late in the game, one might add – that the Federal Republic of Germany poses serious problems, and that if the intense Franco-American rivalry continues in Bonn, catastrophic consequences can safely be anticipated. The various economic and military missions to Germany from the West have now reached a point which practically compels the Germans to choose between the United States and France. The McNamara Mission, which finally saw to it that Bonn preferred American tanks over French tanks, not only infuriated France, but created in Germany all kinds of cliques, divisionism and, according to the French, a certain amount of agitation. In reality, French and American interlocutors put on a show of fearing this agitation, but what they fear more than anything else is Germany's new power. When France and the United States are divided to such an extent as this, Western Germany becomes an arbiter with as much power as though it were she who had been the victor in the Second World War.

For this reason, although there is little hope for real agreement between de Gaulle and Kennedy on current world problems, it is to be anticipated that a compromise of some sort will be reached, and this within an atmosphere of particular cordiality. De Gaulle will continue to be absent from certain conferences, such as the Geneva or the Moscow meetings. He will continue to believe that China and Russia must be played off against each other, that the West should not yield an inch on the Berlin question, that Germany must maintain very close ties with France if the former is to be kept in the Western camp. But even if the United States were to give him some slight cause, he will probably not indulge in any unduly spectacular outbursts, at least not for the time being. Provided, of course, a way is found to prevent the Germans from taking further advantage of the rivalry between France and America. Provided also – and this is much more delicate – the United States is willing for France to continue its nuclear tests.

JEAN DANIEL

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Paul Goodman

Extreme Situation

"Stay in school," say the authorities. But what do you do about the youngsters who were persuaded to return to school, and who then drop out a second time?

The phone rang: It was a man from the National Education Association, an experienced and compassionate and therefore a worried man. It seems that because of the propaganda and cajolery of President Kennedy's campaign many "dropouts" were returning to school – fine – but the considered judgment of the man from the NEA was that unless there was a change, 75 to 90 percent would drop out again. This time it would be disastrous; a second failure, after a deliberate choice; humiliation added to hopelessness; a sure push into juvenile delinquency.

In brief he was calling a national conference of school people, principals, guidance counselors, etc. What, for instance, should be the curriculum to keep these youngsters in school, and not failing? Did I have any thoughts on that? Could I suggest somebody who had some thoughts?

I was silent a moment, and said: This was obviously an extreme situation; you couldn't fake a solution. So far as I could see there were only two possibilities. One was to try genuine progressive education, to try to get into authentic contact with the kids – also with each kid – *where* they really were in the world and *how* they were in the world, and lead them on to a more personally integrated and socially viable next step; in terms of their actual present interests, the kind of culture they have, gang loyalty, sexuality. The notion of a precooked curriculum was probably a mistake, but if you paid attention to *them*. . . .

No good! said the man, these people won't do progressive education, there is no use in talking. You know the schools never did give progressive education a spin – not the authentic article – and they won't now. Yes, I know, I said drily. (I had taught in progressive schools.)

O.K., you might try the other possibility. Make the curriculum absolutely practical in dollars and cents. I mean, apprenticeship for real jobs, with a little pocket money. Maybe if being in school is *in fact* an introduction to a pretty decent job, rather than some chimeric promises of being "employable" in the future, you might keep 50 percent of them. (For various reasons the others are unable, or unwilling, to make this adjustment.) I thought this method made sense, but then you certainly had to invite a few other people to your conference. You needed some employers, and of course the labor unions, to get their agreement. . . .

He cut me off, sharply this time. No labor unions would cooperate with the National Education Association, not since the trouble with the American Federation of Teachers. (The tiny Federation is a member of the AFL-CIO and a bitter rival of the huge NEA.) His tone was, also, that NEA didn't want labor in its new building.

Well, I guess I can't think of anything, or anybody, I finally said.

Yes, he agreed, your attitude is probably not useful for this conference; maybe next time. And after some quick amenities and a luncheon date, we both hung up.

But I slowly began to burn. This was indeed a way to deal with an extreme situation – on his part, and my part. There *was*, of course, a third possibility besides the two I had mentioned: the curriculum of the reformatory (at $2,000 a head per year). There the kids find it hard to drop out. I even have known cases where they thrive – it gives them a "structure."

My friend at NEA was quite right that the schools wouldn't accept progressive education. The parents would be in an uproar, the church would howl, the principal would be fired, the *New York Daily Mirror* would open its yap, the mayor would be embarrassed. Most of the petty bourgeois teachers couldn't get into contact with these kids anyway.

Why *should* employers and organized labor agree to attend such a conference? The employers don't feel that they are responsible for providing a future for the young generation, though they do like to get the well-behaved, processed products of the regular curriculum, paid for at the public expense. The unions certainly don't want these low-paid junior scabs – mostly Negroes or Puerto Ricans – pressing for jobs in a period of precarious employment. And the other kids, who hadn't the sense to drop out of school, would have a justified gripe seeing these prodigals getting "coddled."

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SPAIN

The Big Change Is Yet To Come

The failure of the Spanish government to get from the United States any material improvement in the conditions of the three 1953 agreements is bound to affect the balance of forces in the domestic politics of Spain. The agreements provided for automatic renewal for five years after expiry of the original 10 years but in January, 1963, General Franco officially demanded reconsideration, serving notice that unless Washington satisfied Madrid, as the *Economist* (London) put it, "on the interconnected problems of American bases in Spain, American aid and the Spanish government's desire for acceptance by NATO, then Washington might well find itself faced with another Gaullist-type embarrassment in Western Europe." The role of Spanish Ambassador Garrigues almost from the day of his arrival in Washington in the spring of 1962 was to state in public speeches the political, economic and military conditions which, if not satisfied, might cause his government to refuse renewal; Spain wanted modernization of the equipment at the five major and a number of minor military bases, continuation and increase of economic aid, and such political benefits as an alliance with the United States, and American help in getting Spain into NATO and into the European Economic Community.

But the Spanish officials misjudged their bargaining power and American resistance. Behind a screen of face-saving devices, not a single one of the conditions was met. Nevertheless, as was necessary for home consumption, the Spanish government through its wholly-controlled press, radio, and television, proclaimed the renewal as a great victory. Of course, no one in Spanish political life was fooled, the embarrassment was Madrid's, not Washington's; but since the master of the house cannot be shown to be wrong, the blame must be placed elsewhere.

The regime remains a personal dictatorship in which Franco, officially dubbed chief of state "by the Grace of God," has the final word, and power all but absolute. Nevertheless Spain is not fascist, totalitarian or monolithic; nor is it a military or a police state, at least not now, regardless of what it may have been at various stages during Franco's long rule. In recent years the traditional system of personalism has been modified and partly because of the American connection, Spain's traditional isolation from Europe and the world has been subordinated to a relative and reluctant willingness to seek a participating role in NATO and EEC. Under Franco there has come gradually into being a less-personalized oligarchy divided into influential factions with differing, often conflicting, desires and aims, representing different interests and forces which Franco must, and does, balance but not reconcile.

The foremost groups of such factions are the armed forces, the church, the bureaucracy, and the banking-business-industry complex. Not even the church is a well-ordered, cohesive, internally peaceful entity; on the contrary, the range of political diversity from the Catholic Action's Youth Organization (JOC) and Workers' Brotherhoods (HOAC) on the Left to the lay order *Opus Dei* on the Right, presents a wider variety of choice and at least as much internal antagonism as exists in most parliamentary regimes. Nor are the armed forces unified; Franco's apparent successor, at least temporarily, is Captain General Munoz Grandes, vice president of the government (not of the state), but a large number of his colleagues and peers in the armed forces, with stronger followings than his, do not concur. The massive bureaucracy – represented officially by the system of vertical unions and the so-called Movement (the single officially permitted facsimile of a political party) which together are the surviving direct derivants of the fascist Falange – is sharply divided within itself. A left-wing vocally opposes *Opus Dei* but is not in accord with the Catholic Action's Left.

Only *Opus Dei* has no visible sign of internal dissension. It has come to dominate, largely since the American agreements of 1953, the great banks, the new industries, trade and business and the economy as a whole. It is actively preparing men and institutions expected to be able to take over when Franco dies, and its members already hold the key economic positions in the government. Founded in 1929 by Father Jose Maria Escriva, a Spaniard (as were the founders of the Dominicans and the Jesuits), officially approved by the Holy See in 1946, it is supposed to have no political orientation or goal. Except that its members are bound to tell the truth if they are asked whether they belong, it is a secret organization of laymen and lay women dedicated to the service of the church and Spain, or perhaps more accurately of the Spanish church (although branches exist by now in more than 50 countries).

The rise of *Opus Dei* was recognized in 1957, and

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now it has such commanding figures in the highest ranks as Ullastres, Navarro Rubio, Lopez Bravo and Lopez Rodo. In the shuffle of cabinet ministers of the early summer of 1962 the role of the order was further strengthened, largely because in five years the economic stabilization program with which it was associated, and the financial activities it had undertaken, had both been successful. Some of the leading personalities of *Opus Dei* were young – in their forties, mere children by Spanish standards; some were well educated, traveled, sophisticated, in some ways modified versions of the cultured technocrats coming to the fore in other Western countries, comparable to the French *inspecteurs des finances*.

Manuel Fraga Iribarne, brought into the government as Minister of Information and Tourism, was, however, something more. He replaced an old and close friend of Generalissmo Franco who had been in office for nearly a dozen years. Less than forty years old, a native of Galicia as is Franco, a career man in the diplomatic service and a trained political scientist, Fraga is a combination of intellectual and public-relations man rather than a technocrat. Even more important, he is unique in being able to proclaim the goal of liberalization and modernization, even of some relative freeing of the press, while maintaining the full trust and confidence of Franco who hates and fears freedom of the press; Fraga also is nakedly and aggressively ambitious, while in the past Franco has permitted no one outside the armed forces to grasp upward openly on the ladder of the favor which is the road to success in a dictatorship. Fraga's mission was the rejuvenation of the spirit of the regime, liberalizing press controls, fostering modernization in general, stretching out a hand to the young men – and not only the financial and economic technocrats in other Western countries. The revenues from tourism were, and are, the regime's most valuable asset; Fraga was to continue to increase them; and above all, he was to create a new image of Spain, a Spain more the reflection of men like himself than that of Franco, and to do this not only without offending Franco but with Franco's blessing.

A man like Fraga and what he said he intended to do (for example, on taking office this July he promised a brand-new press law superseding the one decreed during the civil war and still in effect) were quite new for Franco's Spain. For a long time the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, aware of the harm done in many foreign countries by the identification of Spain with the person of Franco, had been galled and frustrated by the restrictions of the old hand at the Ministry of Information. Fraga, himself a career man in diplomacy, had excellent connections in the foreign office, was welcomed by it, and set out to use it rather than to be used by it.

He was a new breed in another respect – he was closely connected with the moderate and respectable right-wing of Catholic Action and at the same time with *Opus Dei;* in fact, his wife is a known member of the woman's branch of the order. It was Fraga who decided that the first terrain for new image-making should be American public opinion, confirming thereby a decision made by the foreign office some six months previously; it was he who renegotiated the military-economic agreements with Washington as a ticket of entry into NATO and EEC. Finally, it was he who, jointly with Alberto Ullastres, the Minister of Trade and leading *Opus Dei* man in Spanish politics, sponsored Antonio Garrigues, international lawyer with American connection, and like himself a Catholic Action man with good *Opus Dei* connections, as the person who, in the Washington Embassy, could get the right terms from the American government.

It happens that Foreign Minister Castiella is a rare case in Franco's Spain of a career man, a technician and expert, without the backing of any influential group, who was given and held ministerial rank for a relatively long period. It also happens that, entirely without Castiella's fault or blame, certain aspects of his personal life were vulnerable. Franco, therefore, permitted Fraga and Garrigues to work closely together, often bypassing the foreign minister. The dictator himself remained, as usual, above the team: the master has the total authority and always the credit, he does not avow responsibility until there is credit, and blame if any is always someone else's. It was clear, however, that many things said and done by Fraga and Garrigues in trying to get greater advantages from Washington would not have been permitted without the consent of Franco. If Garrigues' activities in Washington, with the full support of Fraga, had been successful, important elements of at least three of the four foremost groups of factions would have shared the credit and the advantages – the banking-business-industry complex dominated by *Opus Dei*, the younger superior officers of the armed forces closely linked with the new arms industries, and the right-wing of the church's Catholic Action.

"The Social Question"

All three of these are far too strong to suffer great or irreparable injury. On the other hand, their enemies are now likely to profit, and their principal enemies are the left-wing of the vertical unions and the Movement – both of which are against *Opus Dei* and dubious of the American connection as a link with capitalism – and the left-wing of Catholic Action combined with important elements in the church hierarchy itself. Neither group is Communist, socialist or even democratic; neither wants to upset the regime, to displace Franco or to name a different kind of successor when he dies. Both, in

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varying ways, approve liberalization, modernization and closer links with the Western European countries, if not with the United States. Their quarrel is not with the armed forces, nor even seriously with the right-wing of Catholic Action, although they do quarrel with the ultra-conservatives of the church hierarchy who stood with the reactionary Curia at the first session of Vatican II Council in the Vatican. Their great enemy is *Opus Dei*, and the essential reason is that *Opus Dei* not only devotes itself to increasing its own and Spain's economic and political power, but also deliberately subordinates consideration of what is known in European terms as "the social question."

Catholic Action's leftists are convinced that *Opus Dei* is trying to carry out a variant of that which the Russian Communists did in the early Stalin period – to build an industrial, financial, economic base while postponing and delaying attention to human problems. In Spain, where there remains a deep division between the haves and the have nots, where social values are not far from feudal, where wages of workers are very low and strikes forbidden, where the benefits of the new prosperity above do not trickle down below, where the standard of living of most Spaniards has not been benefited by any conception of mass buying power, where only a feeble start has been made toward the creation of a middle class, the men on the Left want social improvement, and what they want can be considered revolutionary only by the standards of a half century ago. The men on the Left in Catholic Action want little more than the application of the social justice spelled out in papal encyclicals from Leo's *Rerum Novarum* to John's *Mater et Magister*. In the wave of strikes in the mines of the North in the spring of 1962 the strikers had support not only from HOAC and JOC, not only from many Basque and Catalan priests and bishops, but from personages higher up in the Spanish hierarchy and in the Holy See as well. Pope Paul, even more than Pope John, is aware of the situation, and sympathetic to the aspirations of those who consider an approach to the social question in Spain desirable, necessary and urgent. In the strikes of 1962 and the relatively minor one of 1963, the Communists played a very small role, and efforts at Communist control and direction coming from Prague and Rome were not successful.

Had Garrigues' mission to Washington on behalf of Fraga been successful, it might have permitted *Opus Dei* to assert that its method was succeeding, that Spain could get into NATO and EEC without a mild amount of democratization. Fraga almost surely would have succeeded Castiella as foreign minister, nor is that possibility excluded even now.

The present likelihood is that those who wanted and counted on American help will turn toward Gaullist France, but both in West Germany and in Great Britain, as well as in the Scandinavian countries and in Italy, the loyal Spanish Left which opposes *Opus Dei* will find support. There is a good chance that in much less than the five years, for which the 1953 agreements have been renewed, efforts to make necessary and long-needed social changes in Spain will be begun.

By Our Special Correspondent

RUMANIA

Another Split in Communist Ranks

Bucharest

"Mr. Ben, the Rumanians gave you a visa because they wanted to be nasty to the Russians." With these words a ranking Communist diplomat greeted me at a cocktail party shortly after my arrival in Bucharest. Yet the Rumanian authorities are completely "innocent." Not only have they given me no help in establishing contacts, they have done everything possible to prevent my learning anything. They even turned down my request to visit the offices of *Scanteia*, the official paper.

This official non-cooperation is not directed exclusively at me but against all Western correspondents, and a considerable number of them are beginning to visit Rumania. A high official of the Foreign Office very frankly explained the reason: "Our leaders don't want to meet with Westerners at this particular moment. They know what kind of questions will be put to them. They don't want to confirm anything. Neither do they want to deny anything."

Yet, Rumania is no longer a country which a foreign observer interested in discovering the truth has to leave

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without understanding more than he did when he arrived. Although I had been warned by Western diplomats that no Rumanian would talk to me, and certainly not see me repeatedly, I found that people are surprisingly willing to meet foreigners, to talk to them, and what is most important, that they know what is happening in their country and around it.

Sipping the thin Rumanian beer on the terrace of a cafe in Brasov, one of the main towns of Transylvania, the province which in the course of this century has changed hands several times between Hungary and Rumania, I heard from several employees of the local railway depot the following explanation of the current Soviet-Rumanian feud: "We have in our town two important factories. One produces tractors; the other, trucks. Khrushchev wanted to take them away from us to transfer them to Russia, claiming that Rumania should remain an agricultural country and that all industry of the Communist bloc should be concentrated in Russia. But our government wouldn't agree and they were right. We don't want to remain forever the producers of corn."

I don't believe for a moment that the details of this popular version of the quarrel are true. I have seen enough Russian factories, such as the huge Kharkov tractor plant, to realize that Khrushchev hardly needs the Brasov factories, though the trucks and the tractors produced there are rated quite highly by some Western experts. But what is significant is that the Rumanians are aware that not everything is going smoothly between their rulers and the Kremlin, and in this conflict they are taking the side of their government.

Later, more articulate Rumanians gave to me a more sophisticated version: "The Russians, the East Germans, the Czechs, the Poles want us to remain a country producing raw materials and agricultural commodities. But Rumania has natural resources which can make her a great industrial power. She is in this respect in a much more favorable position than Czechoslovakia or Poland, not to mention East Germany. And for this reason she will continue her policy of speedy industrialization despite the opposition of Moscow, Prague, Warsaw. This is the sense of everything that has happened in our country since 1959 and which you of the West have completely missed."

Trading with the West

In the garden restaurant of a Bucharest hotel my table companions change continually. One day there are British engineers who are building a cellulose plant somewhere near the Bulgarian frontier, with all machines brought from Britain. Another day there is a Viennese food importer trying to buy Rumanian frozen meat and maize. There are West Germans trying to get a contract for a new steel mill to be built in the town of Galatz, and some Frenchmen who have a similar contract and are preparing to begin construction. In the Carpathian Mountains I run into a group of Swiss technicians installing compressors built by their company along a pipe line which will soon connect one of the world's richest deposits of natural gas with several most important Rumanian industrial centers.

When I told an official of the Rumanian ministry of foreign trade, who works overtime as a guide for foreigners, how surprised I was to find so many Westerners doing business here or working as contractors and technicians, a thing almost unheard of nowadays in any other Communist country, he exploded into laughter: "Go to the book store next to your hotel and ask for official statistics of the Rumanian foreign trade. You will learn from it more than from 10 interviews with Gheorghiu Dej, provided he would be willing to grant them." I followed his advice and that night I stayed up late studying the figures. This picture emerged:

RUMANIA'S FOREIGN TRADE

Year	*% with Communist countries*	*% with Capitalist world*
1959	79.3	20.7
1960	72	28
1961	66.5	33.7
1962	62	38

That night I went to sleep with the sweet feeling of someone who has discovered an important secret. For it is unprecedented that the foreign trade of any Communist country should year after year show a percentage decline in business transacted with other "brotherly states" and at the same time more and more trade with the capitalists. The next day I learned that the above figures do not even give the entire story. While the statistics on trade with the capitalist countries are real because they are based on world market prices, the trade figures with the Soviet bloc are artificially blown up by a highly unrealistic price level. "In reality," an economist employed as planner in an important economic ministry told me, "we trade with the West as much now as we trade with the Socialistic countries. And if the present trend continues, our trade with the West will in a year or two be far more important."

Armed with these few basic facts, we can begin to understand Bucharest's feud with her Communist allies.

Rumania did not experience de-Stalinization in the sense of pressure from below for more liberty and the Communist hierarchy's willingness to yield somewhat – as happened in Poland, Hungary and in Russia itself.

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The Rumanian regime was always of the purest Stalinist brand; it had to be tough, because at the time it was established there were no more than some one thousand Communists in the whole country. The purge of "hostile" elements took place in Rumania long before it occurred in any other people's democracy. Since then, the regime has had to fear no organized opposition, which may be the reason why in the worst period of the Stalinist terror, toward the end of the dictator's life, Rumania was spared the horrors of a Slansky or a Rajk trial. Anna Pauker, purged from the Rumanian leadership at that time, not only was not tried and condemned to death. She was allowed to live freely in obscurity until her death a few years ago.

Yet there was a de-Stalinization in Rumania. It occurred in the thinking of top Rumanian officials and their economic advisers. Those people feeling less day-to-day control by the Kremlin, began to dare to think independently about their country and its future. Soon they discovered that with all the natural resources Rumania has, with its fabulously good soil, she need not be the "outcast" of the Communist world, sharing the lowest standard of living with those despised neighbors from the South – the Bulgarians. The result of this independent thinking was a six-year development plan which began in 1959, totally unnoticed at that time by the outside world.

The "Folly" of Collectivization

At first the Rumanians hoped to achieve industrialization by means of Soviet, Czech, East German machines and equipment paid for by increased export of Rumanian oil, corn, meat, etc. It did not take long for that expectation to wither. Equipment from the Communist countries was of poor quality, there were frequent breakdowns, repair crews were slow to arrive, spare parts were not available, delivery terms were seldom respected, and sometimes the contracts were cancelled. In addition the Rumanians discovered that the cost of this equipment was excessive in proportion to the amount of Rumanian goods which were sent as payment. The Rumanians began here and there to place some orders in Italy, Switzerland, France, even West Germany. Almost immediately they discovered that they were getting better machines, quicker delivery, with ample spare parts, and last but not least, at lower prices. The Rumanians increased their purchases of Western machines and at the same time reduced their imports from the Communist countries.

As a consequence, exports of Rumanian oil, meat, corn, etc., to the West rose, while at the same time less was sent to certain of the Communist countries. This happened at a time of serious food shortage in Czechoslovakia and East Germany. The officials of those countries, desperately searching for food, were naturally indignant at Rumanian frozen meat being sold to West Germany as payment for machines which the Czechs and the East Germans considered themselves fully qualified to sell to the Rumanians.

Prague and East Berlin were not slow to complain to Moscow, where this "strange" behavior of the Rumanians was noted, too. Moscow had another reason to be displeased with Bucharest. Prior to the winter of 1961-62, Rumanian official statistics showed that 75 percent of the total cultivated land was collectivized. In practice, this meant that while collective farms were everywhere, the peasants belonging to them had their private plots, sometimes four acres, sometimes even more, and on the average some three heads of cattle. Then total collectivization was ordered; commissions appeared in villages; private plots were reduced to less than half an acre and peasants forced to sell all cattle in excess of one cow. Khrushchev was annoyed by "this folly" of quick collectivization. Perhaps he feared that as a result Rumania would decrease still further her export of meat and corn to other Communist countries, while demanding more Soviet wheat. An angry scene took place between the Soviet leader and Gheorghiu Dej, the undisputed boss of Rumania. When I reported this quarrel a year ago in *The New Republic* upon return from a trip from Bulgaria my story was met with skepticism. A prominent Kremlinologist invited me to a lunch and gave me the following advice: "In the past you have earned a reputation as a serious journalist by your reporting from Warsaw, from Moscow, from other places. Don't spoil it by saying such nonsense as that Dej, the most subservient of all Communist leaders, dared to defy Khrushchev." A few months ago I saw the same professor again, who kindly admitted that I had been correct, "but who could have believed it then?"

The consequences of the Khrushchev-Dej rift became immediately visible in Bucharest. The press began to stress that the liberation of their country had been won by Rumanians themselves, and not by foreign armies (meaning of course the Soviet Army), and not by the political emigrés who spent the war years in Russia (all of whom had been purged in Rumania long ago). At the same time, the Rumanian press began to print articles about the unequal development of various Communist countries, how Rumania, though it was near the top among Socialist countries in natural resources, was almost at the bottom in per capita industrial output and national income.

Another broad hint of the quarrel was given when early in 1962, the official paper *Scanteia* greeted a visiting Czech minister with an article complaining about the poor quality of some Czech machines delivered to Rumania. A few weeks later, the minister, addressing the workers of a certain Czech factory, admitted that

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some of the Rumanian complaints were justified: shortly thereafter, the Rumanian press reprinted the minister's speech.

The conflict came to a head during the COMECON meeting which took place in Moscow in June, 1962. The Czechs, the East Germans, the Poles were there with very serious charges against the Rumanians: "They buy more and more from the capitalists, less and less from us. They export the commodities which we need so badly elsewhere. They squander their foreign currency reserves. They are guilty of economic egoism without precedent in the Communist history." The Russians supported these accusations.

Lasting Friendship with Peking

But the Rumanians did not wilt. On the contrary, they counter-attacked, recalling how the Russians had exploited their country through joint Soviet-Rumania companies, dissolved only after 1956. They criticized the quality of the Soviet, Czech, East German machines. They read long lists of contracts which were never fulfilled by these countries. They stressed that Rumania had still to pay the 1957 price for Polish coal, though on the world market coal prices had dropped by two-thirds. They spoke of Rumanian corn which the Poles were getting much below world prices and which they used to feed their pigs in order to export bacon to US and Britain and gain precious Western currencies, which, the Rumanian said, they could easily gain themselves. The meeting was inconclusive, but it strengthened the Rumanian leaders' will to continue their line and increased their confidence that Moscow couldn't do anything to stop them.

Shortly thereafter, the Rumanian leaders began to pay increased attention to the Soviet-Chinese conflict, which though not yet publicly admitted, was of course well known to its Communist hierarchy. While other Soviet-bloc countries began to reduce their intercourse with the Chinese, the Rumanians continued to exchange assurances of lasting friendship as well as delegations with Peking.

Then, last spring, the Central Committee of the Rumanian Workers Party (Communist) was called into session. The main business was the conflict with COMECON. In a resolution published after the meeting, the right of every Communist country to decide for itself the rate of its economic development was reaffirmed. This was followed by meetings of party members throughout the country at which a letter from the Central Committee was read, giving details of the conflict with the COMECON countries and accusing them of intending to keep Rumania forever in the state of economic underdevelopment. Since then every articulate Rumanian repeats that his country's per capita output of electrical power is only 25 percent of that of Czechoslovakia, of coal only 7 percent; or iron ore only 39 percent; of steel, 22 percent; cement, 45 percent and so on.

Shortly after the Rumanian leaders informed their party rank and file about their quarrel with Moscow, the Soviet-Chinese conflict became public. Long after *Pravda, Izvestia,* and the press of all other Communist countries of Europe had begun to blast the Chinese, the Rumanian press kept absolutely silent. Then one day *Scanteia* published in the same issue, on the same page, under equal size headlines, the basic Chinese document about the split and the Soviet reply. There could be no clearer proof of Rumanian neutrality. The Rumanian press then reverted to complete silence on the matter, silence which continues until today. The only exception has been a *Scanteia* article, published after the signing of the Moscow agreement banning atomic tests, in which the Chinese stand was criticized. But the article expressly stated that the criticism of Peking was limited to this specific issue and reaffirmed Rumania's friendship for China.

Thus it is not correct to say that the Communist bloc has split in two: the Soviet Union and China. It has broken into three – the third being the Communist neutralists, which for the moment consists only of the Rumanians. But the Rumanian example may prove contagious. The feud with the Rumanian leaders could become as serious a source of trouble for Khrushchev as his Cold War with Mao. The Rumanians of course have no sympathy at all for the Chinese thesis. They have more interest than most in peaceful coexistence. But having their own quarrel with Moscow and other COMECON countries, they try to blackmail them by being nice to the Chinese and even nice to the Albanians, to whom they recently sent back the ambassador they recalled two years ago. Having adopted a policy of complete economic independence, Rumania has become a country of great opportunities for the West.

PHILIP BEN

COMING: *A special report on "Health: Do We, the People, Get Our Money's Worth?"*

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Black Neck in the White Noose

by Wolf Von Eckardt

Fifteen years ago, the Supreme Court declared racial housing discrimination unconstitutional. A year later urban renewal legislation gave government the power and means to replace slums with new housing and to move large numbers of people around. Fourteen years later, there are only a handful of racially integrated new neighborhoods, although a good many old integrated neighborhoods have been bulldozed. There is, if anything, more rigid housing segregation today in our cities than there was a decade ago.

Before urban renewal was launched, even Atlanta had a few blocks where whites and Negroes lived peacefully together; federal urban renewal money has helped weed out the Negro alley dwellings amidst the white homes. Elsewhere, too, of all the blighted areas in the city, those that had long been racially mixed or were in a state of racial transition, have been among urban renewal's first targets. The noble purpose of clearing the slums merged with the furtive determination of the majority "to stem the black tide." The evicted Negroes were "relocated" back into the ghettos surrounded by the white city. "They want to keep the black neck in the white noose," one Negro said.

The NAACP and other Negro organizations initially welcomed urban renewal. Now they are increasingly disappointed and bitter: 72 percent of the people relocated by government action are "non-white" and the great majority of these are Negroes. Very few of these Negro "relocatees" return to the renewed areas. In the first place, almost half of the cleared land is given over to the automobile – highways and parking lots. Secondly, a good portion of the remaining land is used for offices, shopping, civic and cultural centers as well as a sprinkling of schools, playgrounds and parks.

The remainder – perhaps a quarter, at most, of the land where slum houses once stood – is used for new housing, and this remnant does little to rehouse the evicted Negroes. These urban renewal apartments and townhouses provide far fewer housing units than they supplant. There are fewer people per room and fewer rooms per acre, for the acres are generously endowed with landscaping. And the rents or purchase prices are almost inevitably in the luxury class.

A few of these new projects, such as Lake Meadows and Prairie Shores in Chicago or the Southwest in Washington, D. C., are integrated. This is a hopeful beginning, at least for middle-class Negroes. But the vast majority of displaced poor Negroes are worse off after urban renewal than they were before. James Baldwin's charge that urban renewal means "Negro removal" is largely justified.

A relatively small number of relocated Negroes find accommodations in new public (and a very few private) low-rent housing projects. With shocking consistency, however, these projects have been placed in the all-Negro districts of our cities where they remain entirely segregated, even in communities where the theory is that they be accessible to all. Overtly or covertly, race is the predominant issue of urban renewal and urban life. Racial design dictates just about all city planning. No auditorium, no downtown apartment house, rarely a supermarket is built in any American city today whose site was not determined by where Negroes live and where they are likely to move.

Much studied and cited Chicago is an example. The pattern of increasing rather than decreasing residential segregation there has been examined by Karl E. Taeuber of the University of Chicago. Taeuber has devised a convenient index. His theoretical zero point is a normal mixture of the races in each city block in proportion to the Negro and white population of the city. He values a totally segregated block at 100. His finding is that in 10 urban renewal years, segregation in Chicago increased from 92.1 percent in 1950 to 92.6 percent in 1960. A small change, perhaps, but not one to sustain Negro enthusiasm for urban renewal, particularly in view of the fact that of 280,000 new houses built in Chicago suburbs in the same period, less than one-half

This is the fifth of six articles on urban renewal; the last of the series will deal with possible ways to improve urban renewal programs. During the three months he was preparing these reports Wolf Von Eckardt *visited Boston, Providence, New Haven, Hartford, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and Los Angeles.*

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of one percent are occupied by Negroes.

Chicago's low-income families received from the city's Housing Authority 31,000 units. Overwhelmingly, they were built in Chicago's Negro wards. A solid row, some three-and-a-half miles long, of these monuments to segregation is located between 22nd and 55th Streets along the expressway, a favorite site for public housing in all our cities. All of them are 16-story high-rise slabs, pushing their inhabitants not only back into the ghetto but also into the sky.

I stopped recently at one of these slabs, the Robert R. Taylor Homes. It is the largest public-housing development in the nation and a grim institution rising on an expanse of very reluctantly growing grass, which like the project's children on their playgrounds and the open galleries on each floor, is fenced in for its safety. Twenty-eight thousand people moved into its gray and red brick walls in December, 1962, to prove that a quarter of a century after public housing became a national program, the nation still had not learned from its earliest, disastrous follies. The cubic-foot-per-person ratio is decent, the mortar is safe, the plumbing is sanitary. But cubic foot, mortar and plumbing are not built with pride but with distrust – which is all the building reaps from its tenants. There is nothing left for anyone's spirit.

The charming Public Housing Commissioner in Washington, D. C., Mrs. Marie C. McGuire, and the architects she endeavors to recruit, know all this. But when Robert Taylor Homes was designed, her messages, directives and guidelines had obviously not yet reached Chicago. From the articulate and sober words of this project's dedicated assistant manager, Robert H. Murphy, I heard the same dreary tale that I heard and read about our earliest efforts to house the poor with inadequate public funds, inadequate compassion and inadequate intelligence: There are rapes of young and molestations of old people in the elevators. The dreary stairwells serve as convenient abodes for all kinds of mischief, of which obscene graffiti are the least-serious. Elevators and stairwells alike serve as toilets for small children, who have none on the playgrounds and don't always make it up to the sixteenth floor. Stolen lightbulbs in the public areas must be replaced two or three times a week.

Murphy, a young Negro social worker, also told me of management's valiant battles against these reactions to a prison-like, architectural environment. The mothers, whose families average six members, help guard the elevators. The unemployed fathers help patrol the grounds. But they can't guarantee where their children go and what they do. There are a few "community centers" stuck away in vacant apartments. But like the imprisoned playgrounds, they don't offer much inspiration to growing youngsters who can't cross the expressway and rarely cross the industrial strip which encloses their confines on the other side. At night the Police Department obligingly furnishes canine patrols.

Chicago's renewers point to Lake Meadows, Prairie Shores and the new Carl Sandburg Village, downtown, as evidence that the boundaries of Chicago's black belt have, indeed, begun to crack a little. Perhaps. Still, December, 1962, is pretty late in the day to build a Robert Taylor project.

We should not be surprised that the recent NAACP convention booed Mayor Daley. The mayor of Chicago surely believes in civil rights, but he also represents a society which since Jefferson's time has held only disdain for the city and its teeming proletariat. Realtors did not invent the idea that the only good neighborhood to live in is a totally homogeneous neighborhood. We all share in this belief. It upholds our property values, which are, after all, what the banks, federal mortgage guarantees and urban renewal all feel compelled to uphold.

Those of us who travel to Europe, marvel at the charm and liveliness of Parisian and Roman streets which have avoided homogeneity. No blockbuster could make his fortune on them, for no one on these streets is horrified at living next door to poor people or above a grocery. Baron Haussmann, Louis Napoleon's prefect of Paris, was hardly a liberal. But the houses along his boulevards have small stores on the first floor, luxury apartments on the second and third, and dwellings for the poor on the top floor.

What You Take for Granted Usually Happens

The citizens of Chicago Hyde Park-Kenwood, on the other hand, are predominantly of liberal persuasion. Their famous urban renewal efforts, aided by the University of Chicago and the federal program, have made a significant crack in their city's racial housing barrier. Their effort began early in the 1950's when more and more poor Negroes began moving into the area. Many white residents fled in panic, because they took it for granted, as did those who stayed, that this influx would result in overtaxing municipal services and in dirty streets. What you take for granted usually happens. Which is not to say that these citizens should not have renewed their pleasant habitat, which had emerged on the site of the Chicago Exposition of 1893. But it does raise the question why so few of our citizens and bankers, who rightly fear for their investment, do not simply ask for more garbage trucks and street cleaners. And more police, which is the guts of the issue. It is surely less taxing than urban renewal.

Having set out on urban renewal, the people of Hyde Park-Kenwood determined to make theirs not only a stable community but also a racially integrated one.

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In this they succeeded, but, in the end, only as their planning settled on two objectives:

The first was that Negroes in the area were to be of the same socio-economic level as the whites. "Economic homogeneity will take precedence over racial integration," say Peter H. Rossi and Robert A. Dentler in their study of the event. Hyde Park successfully resisted the 200-unit public-housing project the city proposed.

The Hyde Park-Kenwood Community Conference's second planning objective was a fixed balance between the races. "This was a line of reasoning that could not be stated too openly for fear of misinterpretation of motives. . . . Upper- and middle-class Negroes, however, who had settled into some of the larger and expensive apartments and homes in Kenwood and Northwest Hyde Park, and who were fearful of finding themselves once again the 'ghetto,' did approve of the stabilization goal," say Rossi and Dentler. Comedian Mike Nichols quipped: "This is Hyde Park, white and blacks shoulder to shoulder against the lower classes!" High rents and careful screening achieve socio-economic homogeneity. Quiet, skilled salesmanship maintains the quota. For thousands of Negro poor evicted, a few hundred Negroes with status and money return.

"An Anxious, Often Embarrassing Experience"

Philadelphia's Eastwick, which will eventually be a huge new community, is one of the first large-scale attempts to integrate the moderately affluent. Somewhat homely on the outside, but most attractive within, the houses, at $14,000 to $14,500 for three and four bedrooms are a wonderful buy. Yet, these houses sell very slowly. There could be many reasons. The project is close to a sometimes smelly oil refinery. The first model houses were unenticingly located along a highway and the first actual units were built in a muddy open field far from the existing school and shopping. Yet the announced integration policy is surely also to blame, particularly since most real-estate salesmen just don't know how to cope tactfully with a prospective purchaser's anxieties. At first, Eastwick's salesmen were going to put all Negro comers in one block. These salesmen were fired, and new men were trained by a realtor more experienced in maintaining a racial balance without offending either white or Negro prospects. The new men learned how to assure whites that Negroes will be well mannered and well scattered and how to ask Negroes to wait for their house until sufficient numbers of whites have bought so the Negroes can be dispersed among them. Its an anxious and often embarrassing experience for all concerned, including the salesman who works on commission. It may become easier as President Kennedy's order of November 20, 1962, banning discrimination in federally assisted housing, begins to take effect. But banning discrimination does not achieve integration.

Nor does it seem prudent or fair to leave this vital matter entirely to the skill and tact of real-estate salesmen and rental agents who make their living not by integrating but by selling housing. This, however, is exactly what we do if we continue to pussyfoot about a clear and acceptable racial balance. We pussyfoot about a quota, it seems, because Negro sensitivity still demands it. I was unexpectedly enlightened on this in San Francisco, thanks to the spontaneous kindness of Dr. C. Josef Wellington.

Dr. Wellington, a gynecologist, is chairman of the housing committee of the San Francisco NAACP. Between delivering babies, he prepared himself for his additional task by attending two evening courses in city planning. I had called him to inquire about his group's feelings about San Francisco's renewal effort. His response was to ask me to come along to an informal committee meeting.

That evening I found myself among a small group of people as earnest, forthright and fair-minded as I'd ever want to meet. That evening, too, after years of demolition and relocation, some 300 new homes for people with moderate income were at last in sight. The project is built by the International Union of Longshoremen with a federal urban renewal subsidy for the cleared land. It is one of the pioneers of a new provision in the 1961 amendment to the Housing Act – Section 221 (d) 3 – which permits the sale of land below the market price to non-profit organizations in exchange for moderate rentals.

The question which dominated nearly the entire discussion was how to integrate this project successfully. "We don't want this to be another ghetto for colored people," said Mrs. Joye Goodwin, an attractive housewife. "But with Negroes all over town crying for a decent place to live, that's surely what we'll get, if all they keep saying to us is 'open occupancy'!" That occupancy would be open to all, regardless of race, was, indeed, all Julia Smith, did and could say. She is the relocation director for the San Francisco Renewal Agency, who was invited to defend the government's record.

"Damit," said San Francisco's NAACP leader, the wiry pharmacologist, Thomas N. Burbridge, stating what Negroes now say all across the country: "Sure, until now we wanted them to forget color. Now we want them to remember color!" But he didn't say how, as the discussion whirled round and round into the night, color was to be remembered or in what proportions. The word "quota" was never uttered, though quota was the only answer within grasp.

What this group felt was what Edwin C. Berry of Chicago's Urban League had earlier told the US Commission on Civil Rights: "I think any quota is odious,

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and I don't know how you maintain a quota . . . because as soon as you have filled a quota, then you become discriminatory." All Julia Smith could say on behalf of the collective wisdom of the US Government and all others concerned, was: "We'll just have to trust the goodwill of the project's management." That was the last thing the group was prepared to do.

The arguments against a quota system are valid and compelling. But so is the fact that Negro demand for low-cost housing is far greater than white demand. If there is no other means to achieve integration than temporary manipulation, and none has been advanced, the authorities should acknowledge this and not toss the hot potato to developers and realtors.

That same day in San Francisco, the Negro vice chairman of the Housing Commission, Salomon E. Johnson, demanded that the all-Chinese public-housing project Ping Yuen be broken up and its tenants integrated. The Chinese and the community applauded when Commissioner T. Kong Lee angrily replied: "You'll have to carry us out!" The very thought seems ridiculous. No one really, including probably Johnson, would venture that Chinese civil rights are at stake. Even in California a Chinese now has the chance to live just about where he wants. His freedom of choice established, he prefers to live with his own people, much to his own cultural gain and the delight of tourists.

Once *their* freedom of choice is established fact, many Negroes will also prefer to live together. But first we must prove that for the American Negro, too, the American melting pot will work. But as Berry has said, "You can't get melted if you don't get into the pot."

Atlanta Urban League's Robert Thompson suggests that the pot be rapidly enlarged, that we overbuild low-income housing until the builders are begging for tenants. It seems an unlikely alternative to overcoming the semantics of active, determined integration. Consider that in all these prosperous years the Federal Housing Administration has served fewer than half of one percent of the people in this country with an income below $5,000 a year.

Most of these people are colored and are restive. As the Negro magazine *Ebony* has ominously asserted: "This population is strategically placed to cause social chaos. Negroes, for the most part, inhabit the inner cores of America's largest cities. And they hold the key to the future of the American city – and the future of American democracy."

The Vender

by Murray Kempton

On a Monday afternoon, October the 7th, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield announced the regretful necessity of accepting the resignation of Robert G. Baker, Secretary to the Majority of the United States Senate for eight of his 35 years of life. Baker's departure came exactly four weeks after he had been sued for $300,000 on allegations whose essence was that he had taken money to use his influence with a defense contractor and had then double-crossed the man who bought him.

The Senate Democratic Conference, which employs Baker, seems to have spent the first 24 days after publication of these charges against its most important staff member in a condition of unanimous indifference and the last four days in a state of disarray. Senator McClellan's investigating subcommittee opened October in thrall to Joseph Valachi's detailed exposure of a murder that happened in New York City when Bobby Gene Baker was an 11-year-old boy in Pickens, S.C. It was a heartening reminder to a Senate establishment of country boys that the devil lives nowhere that is not a short walk to a subway stop.

There is no indication that any Democratic Senator ever thought to talk to the man who was suing Baker and evaluate his allegations. The only Republican to display any curiosity was Senator Williams of Delaware, a figure so lonely that, by bipartisan agreement, he has never been permitted to direct a Senate investigating committee. During the first week of October, Williams called the office of the man suing Baker and questioned the complainant in the suit, along with Baker's partner in an insurance business and the widow of Baker's partner in a motel. On Friday, October 4, Williams went to Mansfield's office and, in the tradition of Senate comity, briefed him on the little he had learned. There were rumors all that afternoon that Rob-

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ert Baker would resign within hours, but the afternoon produced nothing beyond two of the more extraordinary remarks in the extraordinary history of the social structure of the American legislature.

The Associated Press found Hubert Humphrey, the Majority Whip, a few minutes after he left Mansfield's office. Had they, the AP asked, talked about Bobby Baker. "Not entirely," Humphrey answered. About the same time, Jay Iselin of *Newsweek*, dropped by the office of the Secretary to the Majority to have Baker's page tell him again that his chief was out of town, and suddenly and quite by accident happened upon Robert Baker himself. "Aren't you Bobby Baker?" Iselin asked. "No comment," answered Robert Baker.

The day after Robert Baker resigned, the only Senator to take the floor and talk about him was Wayne Morse. He spoke alone as usual, but for once with the united voice of the Senate. "Bobby Baker performed many effective services for each one of us in the Senate. . . . I am not going to walk out merely because a friend may have made mistakes." Baker's resignation was, said Morse, "an act typical of him because he recognized . . . that the Senate had to come first, above the personal interests of anyone connected with it."

Now Wayne Morse is, if not the conscience of the Senate, a very pestilence of virtue within it. Nothing could argue better than these words on his lips that the order of the Senate is divinely guided; there is a guardian angel who looked down on Robert Baker, the fallen child of the family, and, wondering to which piece of clay she should give life to speak the eulogy, touched the lips of the most unlikely of all, of Wayne Morse.

"A Hideaway for the Advise and Consent Set"

The truth about the United States Senate falls somewhere between the graces that console William S. White and the malignities which oppress Allen Drury. But here, as in most other places, habit conditions more deplorable scenes than conspiracy could contrive. The point about the matter of Robert Baker is what habit has conditioned a Senator to take for granted.

On July 23, 1962, there appeared in the *Washington Post* one of those stories which makes its women's page one of the most endearingly and intimately vulgar in our journalism.

"Yesterday," Winzola McClendon reported there, "Bob Baker went into the hotel business with a 50-state splash that opened his Carousel Motor Inn, six miles north of Ocean City, Md. . . . an avowed 'high style hideaway for the advise and consent set'. . . . Seven buses with some 200 passengers carried the vanguard of the party. Each bus was equipped with a bar dispensing champagne and brunch. . . . Guests explored the hotel, sampled the lavish buffet, watched the limousine arrivals of Vice President Johnson and Perle Mesta. . . . Senator Maurine Neuberger (D, Ore.) played badminton. Senator Howard Cannon (D, Nev.) played touch football. Senator Gale McGee, was there too. . . . Baker was co-owner of the hotel with Montgomery County builder Donald Novak. They chose the unusual names for the inn's two lounges, the Fog Cutter and the Sinkalagias, the latter named for the ship of Captain Blood, the gentleman pirate."

The free-loaders listed in this report could constitute a roster of Senators certified by the Committee for an Effective Congress. Their integrity need not be disputed. This was, of course, a family party. Still someone might have wondered that the little brother who was host had been born the son of a Pickens, S.C., postal clerk and had come to Washington as a Senate page and in the 21 years since, of subsequent progress from apprentice to master craftsman, had had no employment outside the Senate. Bobby Baker had impressed Lyndon Johnson when he was operating the cloakroom telephone and at 26 he had been elevated to Secretary to the Majority, of which Johnson was then chairman.

The Bakers were not straitened, but their resources seemed entirely socialist in origin: Bobby's father, by grace of filial piety, had become postmaster of Pickens; Bobby's wife Dorothy made $11,757 as keeper of files for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee; as Secretary to the Majority, Bobby earned a little under $20,000. The Bakers lived in a brick house on Northampton Street near Chevy Chase, on a block neither shabby nor fashionable; it was an establishment perfectly proper, let us say, for a GS-18 civil servant fortunate enough to have married a GS-12.

And still no Senator present at the opening of the Carousel Motor Inn seems to have asked just where Bobby Baker could have found the resources to finance a motel of vision so splendid that his partner's widow remembers her husband being disturbed because Baker insisted at the last minute that the place would be substandard without the addition of a $100,000 night club.

But then everyone in the Senate family had learned from the nature of his office and from the tradition built by Lyndon Johnson just how important it was for a Democratic Senator and even a Democratic President to trust Robert Baker. Johnson was an especially intimate Majority Leader; it was part of his vanity to know every Senator's special weakness, to recognize the occasion when a vote could be diverted from the voter's normal habit and, most of all, win or lose, to know the precise vote before it was taken on the floor. When Johnson yielded the leadership to Mansfield, a stranger to guile, Bobby Baker remained behind as residuary legatee of every intimacy Johnson had taught him and of Johnson's intelligence structure.

Last December, there was talk of trying to increase

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the size of the Senate Finance Committee to reduce Harry Byrd's awful authority; President Kennedy dispatched Bobby Baker to poll the Senate in advance and he returned with the report that the proposal couldn't get more than 40 votes. Through the summer of 1962, the Administration relied on Baker to judge the shifts in Senate sentiment on Medicare; in August, Baker indicated that a showdown right then would pass the bill by two votes; the Administration called up the bill and it lost by two votes. Bobby Baker's miscalculation, of course, turned out a victory for the late Senator Robert Kerr – his closest Senate friend since the elevation of Lyndon Johnson – and a defeat for John F. Kennedy, against whom Bobby Baker had stored pamphlets in his Senate office for shipment to the aid of Hubert Humphrey in the West Virginia primary. But, after all, no one could have so precise a feel as Lyndon Johnson had; and with Johnson gone cosmic there was no one left to trust but Bobby Baker.

The Carousel, however gaudy, was the only private enterprise of Bobby Baker's that shone right there before the eyes of the Senators, but there were others, of course; he had a law office of no conspicuous majesty, and an interest in the Silver Springs Insurance Agency of Don Reynolds, another South Carolinian. Reynolds has said that in 1955 another insurance man advised him that a "political" connection would be useful and he found Baker. His account falls thereafter into that imprecision of language which afflicts all conversation about Robert Baker. Bobby, Reynolds said once, did not have the $250 he needed to become a full partner in 1955; still he was made vice president without "stock or status." Reynolds has said once that he never paid Baker any commissions and then later that Baker owed him money and that any commissions Baker earned must have been applied against that debt and that, in any case, the only client he remembers being brought in by Baker was Lyndon B. Johnson for whom Reynolds wrote a $200,000 life insurance policy after his heart attack. This, in the coldest actuarial terms, might be taken as a favor to a distinguished American and Reynolds, says Baker, asked no commission.

These were hardly conspicuous activities; even so, there was no unease in the Democratic Conference this summer when Bobby Baker was transported from Northampton Street to a new $125,000 house not far in location and substance from the Vice President's own.

Until September, when Bobby Baker was sued, no Democratic Senator had any cause even to have heard of Serv-U Corporation, a vending machine company, incorporated in Delaware in December, 1961. And no Democratic Senator has shown any public disposition to find out any more about it.

There is the excuse that the vending machine industry is a complex of intrigue hopelessly labyrinthian for an outsider. G. R. Schreiber, of *Vend Magazine*, its trade journal, seems to bear roughly the relation to the industry that Proust did to the Faubourg Saint Germain. Students of the Baker matter depend no less heavily and trust more profitably in Schreiber's guidance than the Administration used to depend on Bobby Baker's. Schreiber reports that Serv-U, after two years of operation, has built up a $3.5 million annual gross from vending machines installed in the California plants of North American Aviation, Northrup and Space Technical laboratories. Ernest C. Tucker, Baker's law partner, is Serv-U's vice president. Mrs. Robert Baker, on one occasion, identified herself as the firm's assistant secretary. "A current trade report," Schreiber says, "shows Charles N. Baker as a Serv-U vice president. Charles N. Baker is Bobby Baker's brother, an encouraging sign that a family which, until now has been entirely a government enterprise, has commenced to shift the burden to the government sector.

Serv-U's first big contract was with North American's California headquarters; it displaced Automatic Canteen as vender at North American in February of 1962. Canteen, rather than move its machines, just left them in place and sold them to Serv-U. Serv-U paid for one lot in December, 1962, with a mortgage loan to the Fidelity National Bank of Oklahoma City. That is the late Senator Kerr's house bank; his son Robert, Jr., is a director. As Secretary to the Majority, Baker owed equal faith to every Democrat in the Senate, but seems to have owed the most money to Robert Kerr.

An Old Friend

While Serv-U was entering North American, Bobby Baker was helping his old friend Ralph Hill, of Capital Vending, get a contract to install Capital machines in the Falls Church, Va., headquarters of Melpar, an aerospace contractor. Hill, whose suit was Bobby Baker's misfortune, does not appear as a violated choirboy; a few years ago, Capital got into trouble for pressuring the District of Columbia to put its machines in the D. C. Municipal Building – a sales campaign hardly rendered less persuasive because Capital's corporate secretary was administrative assistant to the chairman of the House District Committee. Hill charges that he paid Baker $5,600 in various installments from March, 1962, to August, 1963, for services in helping get and keep the Melpar contract, even though last spring Baker started pressuring Capital to sell out to Serv-U and, having failed, thereafter, Hill says, conspired to drive Capital out of Melpar.

Baker denies that he took any fee to help Capital but concedes that, since "Hill was an old friend from the Hill," he has asked a friend from Melpar to let Capital bid on the contract. Melpar did drop Capital this fall,

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less, its officials say, because Capital had been unsatisfactory than because it wanted to put its cafeteria and its vending machines under one company. It therefore chose Interstate Vending, which then bought 100 machines from Serv-U for installation at Melpar.

Hill thereupon sued Baker and Serv-U, attesting that Baker had taken a fee to help and then managed to drive him out of Melpar. Capital named as one of the co-conspirators-*disant* Fred Black, lobbyist for North American, whom he asserts to be a stockholder in Serv-U, which status, if true, might help explain how Serv-U made its first breakthrough at North American.

Schreiber notices one odd circumstance about all these transactions. The companies where Serv-U has won contracts are all in aerospace and so is the disputed Melpar. Serv-U, of course, pays a fee to the owner of the property on which it has permission to operate its machines. Ordinarily this fee is a part of company revenue; but, since aerospace contracts are performed on property owned or leased by the federal government, the vending company's fee goes to the government. Thus none of the aerospace companies has any material interest in a vending machine contract.

And yet, in the case of Melpar, Schreiber is surprised to find, "that the details of this contract are so well known to both the president of the aerospace company and to one of the vice presidents.

"In industries other than aerospace industry, contracts for the vending service are usually handled at a lower echelon of management. . . . One vending executive commented to *Vend*, 'In the aerospace accounts today the sale is made at the top'."

In aerospace then, the vending machine contract is useful not as a source of profit but as a piece of patronage. It is, of course, only accident that Lyndon Johnson is chairman of the National Aeronautics and Space Council and that Bobby Baker is his protégé; but aerospace executives are no less immune to the diseases of the imagination than the rest of us. The best that can be said for Bobby Baker when he talked to Melpar for aerospace is that, however unconsciously, he had to carry the aura of a man in a position to sell something, even though he certainly did not own it.

The Senate's Children

Any Democratic member of the Senate might be forgiven for lacking time to judge the thickets of the vending industry. It might also be considered only Bobby Baker's business that he was a founding, if not often a visible spirit at the Quorum Club, a private saloon set up across from the Senate Office Building for the almost exclusive surcease of lobbyists and administrative assistants. Baker's last public appearance as Secretary to the Majority was in key with his customary *ronde;* the Sunday before he quit, he was reported sitting in his usual place at the Giants-Redskins game as guest in the box of Ted Webb, Washington representative of the Murchison brothers.

Such things had never affronted the dignity of the Senate; but what about the other little matters that kept coming out all that month? The Secretary to the Majority was said to have been using his official car to carry whiskey for use at his Ocean City motel; a saloon keeper was alleged to be carrying supplies to the bar in an official Senate car.

The Secretary to the Majority had held out $50 a month for three months from the salary of one page boy to give it to Joe Stewart, his personal assistant, because Joe had been called up to the Air Force and was short of cash. Bobby Baker answered this charge by saying that he had taken the $50 from the page, but he wasn't entirely sure what he had done with it. Now Baker and Stewart have been employees of the Senate ever since they were page boys. Most of what they have learned and most of what code they have comes from the school of the Senate. No Senator can disgrace just the Senate; he disgraces his state first.

But Baker and Stewart are the Senate's children; they were reared in that family and have no identity outside it. They are not just distinguished and powerful graduates, but also headmaster and senior instructor in that school for pages, of which every Senator is a trustee, a school which is the pride of the Senate and a cherished illusion of the country. And we are talking not just about the vending machine industry; the subject also includes kickbacks from page boys.

The day after Robert Baker quit, a Capitol visitor stopped round at his suite hoping to greet Francis S. Valeo, his successor. Joe Stewart was there packing away all the gratefully-dedicated photographs of Senators that had but lately papered Bobby Baker's wall. "No," he said, "there's no one here for you to see." He looked at the page in attendance. "Lock the door," he said. "Valeo won't come in until Monday. We're closing this office." Stewart could not fairly be called an unpleasant young man; but it was plain that he thought of this room, a few yards off the rotunda of the Capitol of the United States, as a piece of real estate that Bobby Baker and he had owned for a long time now, and that they weren't throwing it open to the public one day sooner than they had to.

Wayne Morse had been permitted, by its guardian angel, to speak just once in his life the sorrow of the Senate family. But did he really believe that he and everyone in the Senate could only remember services "within the framework of his duties and the obligations of his position" from a Bobby Baker who last week could not even remember what he had done with $150 a page boy had given him?

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Land Lords and the American Process

by Daniel M. Friedenberg

The history of North America can with difficulty be separated from a study of land hunger and land profits. The monarchs of England and Spain originally regarded their new colonies as realty investments and Sir Walter Raleigh lost his head while the bloody pirate Sir Henry Morgan became a colonial governor solely because one failed while the other succeeded in sacking the pro-

The Land Lords
by Eugene Rachlis and
John E. Marqusee
(Random House; $5.95)

duce of the land for the benefit of England. Whether Royalist or Puritan, the early settlers viewed the acquisition of land as the first step toward private wealth, and the two were united in their mutual aim to exterminate the Indian. Certain historians have even supported the view that not religious freedom, not national sentiment, not revolt of the new commercial middle class against the feudal English aristocracy, but land was the key to the American Revolution. The British leadership resolved to halt the movement of Americans beyond the western slopes of the Appalachians in the famous Proclamation of 1763, and it cannot be doubted that this blow to the purse strings of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin had much to do with their support of a separatist cause.

Land hunger and profits from this land, both in the vast areas acquired by the American people through war or forced sales . . . land hunger in Manifest Destiny and the use of land profits to rise to political position. The fascinating relation between land speculation and politics will some day be explored by a more objective generation – by historians who will appraise the genuine democratic sentiments of Thomas Jefferson against the real effects of his Louisiana Purchase, which extended the Rights of Extermination to the red man into one-third of America while it applied the Rights of Man for that one-third of America to the white man.

It is no accident that the sole American economist to make an original contribution, Henry George, stated that the economic rent of land and the unearned increase in land values went to a few individuals and not to the community which made that land valuable – and it is equally no accident that his vision was buried under a tirade of outraged opinion from a community whose leaders instinctively knew their personal fortunes and political influence would be destroyed by such heresy to the American process.

Two men of moderate opinion, a professional writer and a syndicator, have teamed up to write a history of land and building in America. Their book, *The Land Lords*, is intended as a eulogy for the pioneers of realty exploration and aggrandizement: "To all men who have developed the space in which Americans live," as the foreword states. The effect of a careful reading of *The Land Lords* is curious: one can either condemn or admire the men of highly developed acquisitive instinct. The facts are there; the social philosophy applied to them will result in very opposing value judgments. "Rob a purse and go to jail; rob a railroad and become a Senator" is an opinion dependent not on the facts but a definition of robbery.

The Land Lords is easy to read. It attacks the dead and the insignificant. Shocking stories are related of John Jacob Astor and Jay Cooke, but the sharp critical line ends about a hundred years ago. Nothing is basically wrong in the world of "men who have developed the space in which Americans live"; or to quote William Levitt (of the Levittowns) on the matter of renting houses to white persons, and white persons only, that he "was a builder, not a social reformer."

The Land Lords is an entertaining book. We learn how John Jacob Astor gulled Thomas Jefferson by dressing up "a Chinaman picked up in the park" as Punqua Wingchong, a Chinese mandarin "desirous of returning to Canton, where the affairs of his family and particularly the funeral obsequies of his grandfather, require his solemn attention." Jefferson permitted this "mandarin" to break the anti-war blockade imposed in 1808 and Astor made $200,000 on the single voyage. We are treated to the spectacle of Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the United States, Henry Ward Beecher, the prominent minister, Horace Greeley, the formidable publisher, and a raft of congressmen receiving Northern Pacific stocks or bonds in order to influence legislation subsidizing railroad aid. We see Henry Morrison Flagler, a Rockefeller partner who invested enormously in Florida real estate before the turn of the century, develop a package portfolio of gambling casinos and Presbyterian churches, the latter "to compensate for the evils of gambling, which was a business opportunity he could not overlook although it went against his religious upbringing." We get an amusing view of the development of "Spanish" architecture in Florida through the aegis of Addison Mizner. "Mizner's architecture at Palm Beach, and later at Boca Raton, is usually called Spanish, although a former American Ambassador to Spain said, "It's more Spanish than anything I ever saw in Spain'," whereupon, Mizner explained his battlements, parapets, towers and turrets by stating that in his imagination "Palm Beach was a stronghold on the Christian-Mohammedan frontier and he could not leave his clients defenseless"; and furthermore, "these people can't stand the sight of anything that doesn't cost a lot of money."

We see hypocrisy tipping its hat to virtue. Fred F. French, who built Tudor City and Knickerbocker Village, defined his philosophy at a morning inspira-

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tional meeting with his salesmen by stating Jesus Christ was "the best salesman of all time." To be specific, he became exegetic. "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. VII:7; Luke XI:9) really meant, French said, "Keep knocking until the door is opened, and if it isn't opened pretty soon, kick down the door." An example of this knocking and kicking process was indicated in the Seabury investigation of New York City government when it was revealed that French had made a payment of $25,000, through Tammany Hall to insure a favorable decision by the Board of Standards and Appeals. Shortly after, on opening his Knickerbocker Village, the tenants went on a rent strike (Zeckendorf more recently had a similar experience) until the buildings were made liveable. Fred F. French insisted, however, it was not the millions he made which pushed him forward, but a profound social philosophy. With the coming of the Depression, he deplored the "speculative builders" of the 1920's. The lesson of the Depression, he said, was "the new deal in character that I believe most worth while. Be satisfied with fewer things owned outright, smaller businesses safely controlled and fewer ideas thoroughly digested." Less than two years later, in 1936, he died in his sleep, while busy working on the launching of a new enormous company, whose aim would be, French told reporters, "to take advantage of the present low prices in real estate."

To the credit of the Levitts of Levittown I of Hicksville, Long Island, Levittown II of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and Levittown III near Trenton, New Jersey, they indulged in no such hypocrisy. "I got itchy," William Levitt explained. "I wanted to make a lot of money. I wanted a big car and a lot of clothes." And more to the point: "The dice were loaded. We had known all along we could mass-produce houses if there was a market for them and credit for builders. Now the market was there and the Government was ready with the backing. How could we lose?"

But it is to Zeckendorf, and not the Levitts, that we turn for the logical successor to that peculiar mixture of megalomania and social rationalization seen earlier in Fred F. French. William Zeckendorf made his first big splash by unloading his New York City slaughterhouse property on the Rockefellers (who then donated it to the United Nations after being unable to get financing for his much-touted X City) – a $150 million project. Zeckendorf made $2 million on this transfer. "My profit was practically nothing," he said later. "If I hadn't sold the land to Rockefeller as a quixotic gesture, I'd have made thirty million on it. Well, twenty, anyway" – it was about this time he stopped adding "millions" to his figures as being verbiage, "one million" being "one" and "twenty million" being a mere "twenty." Zeckendorf did not mention the $3 million additional he made on the property retained outside the Rockefeller deal, and which increased greatly in value as a result of the United Nations. "We do not seek either profit or glory," he wrote shortly thereafter, in reaction to criticism; his actions were based solely on the good of New York City.

Zeckendorf too prides himself on being a social philosopher. Like French, who attacked the traffic problem in urban centers (thus promoting his own schemes of walk-to-work buildings), Zeckendorf favors destroying the present autonomy of the suburbs and incorporating them into the cities. In *The Yale Review* he wrote of "gracious spires surrounded by quiet green areas" among which would be scattered in discreet fashion "single-family houses of two or three stories and row houses designed for urban living . . . where families can raise children in a quiet and safe atmosphere" – like his New York City Title I projects of Park West Village and Lincoln Towers, for example, where the vertical barracks rent at about $65 per room. The truth is that men like French and Zeckendorf (as well as the late Erwin Wolfson, who conceived and put through the Pan Am Building) have enough imagination to see the harm they are doing – squeezing out minority groups into worse hous-

With the First Cold Rains of Autumn

With the first cold rains of autumn,
Since I anticipate and expect the change
(Which is not, for me, especially unpleasant),
And this chill, the rain, remind
Of childhood's autumn, youth's autumn,
Army's, war's; since someone then
(Who I may still resemble), atoned to God,
Yet felt that sin might have a fitting cause,
And hoped to love the sinful with the pure –
While damning none; and since this outlook, now,
Along with childhood's carefully collected leaves,
Lies safely pressed between the mind's pages
(Saved from decay except that I must decay);

Simply (since uncertainties, it seems, loom
Greatest through both torpid and frozen days
– Reasons for which I cannot fully explain),
I shall always sense a vague commitment
To justify its more somber features
And cherish autumn, not for its secular,
Harvest aspects, but as that time for pause,
When all thought turns inward – the year's
Most appropriate end and beginning,

And I shall always walk in its rain.

SIDNEY KESSLER

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ing, overcrowding urban centers to the point of madness, promoting the cheapest kind of architecture – and yet cannot help remaining prisoners of their own vanity and cupidity. FHA money and Title I have kept Zeckendorf afloat so far (the Title I bill in Washington was called the "Zeckendorf Relief Bill" for awhile) though he is teetering from over-expansion as Fred F. French teetered before him. But he will not be the last of the realty megalomaniacs, regardless of his personal fate, for the nature of the field encourages the type.

The Land Lords will probably sell well because of its easy anecdotal style. The book, however, only hints here and there at the real reasons for success in real estate. These may be briefly summarized. The first factor is inflation – the amount of land is constant while the population is increasing. The second factor is beneficial laws making building a favored industry – tax-free accelerated depreciation, the leasehold device, special tax position for syndicates, and capital gains. The third factor is the key importance of contacts and influence. The fourth is the direct use of government money, or the indirect subsidy through writedowns and condemnation, to promote construction. A history similar to *The Land Lords* could be written of these same titans dealing uniquely with such factors; we would have a much clearer picture of how their millions were made. But this story, too, would be incomplete. The next step would be to relate the private riches of these individuals to the public misery around them, the corollary of the Astor fortune being the massive city slums, the corollary of Jay Cooke's government land and money grants for the Northern Pacific being the high railroad rates which loaded the farmers with mortgage debt and heavy freight charges, the corollary of the French and Zeckendorf use of the RFC and FHA money being the driving out of the poor from bad slums to worse slums.

Next we would trace the movement of national corporations and old-line entrenched families into the hiatus left when the promoters fail: the constantly enlarging portfolios of the life insurance companies, the investments of the big commercial banks and brokerage houses, the taking over or development (often with or through Federal aid) of

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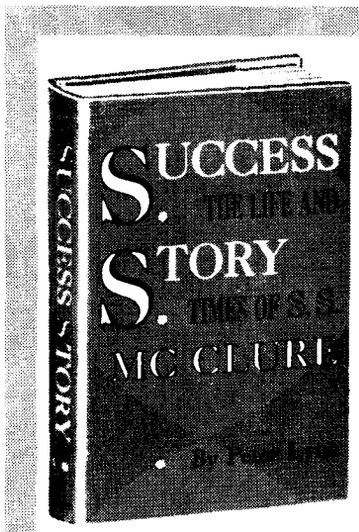

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We now reach the final chapter, the relation of realty holdings to the political structure, the interrelation between landed interests and the machinery of state, from George Washington to John F. Kennedy, and on the lower level of congressmen and senators, the maintenance of advantageous tax laws and a favoritism which perpetuates the same interests generation after generation. For, in an important sense, the movement from a feudal aristocracy based on land to a commercial middle class based on money has not been as different as theorists imagine. The Astors, Cookes, Flaglers, Frenches, Levitts and Zeckendorfs are fascinating figures, but they represent only the froth on the sea. To realize that the Land Lords are but a manifestation, though a major one, of an entire economic-political complex is the beginning of insight into the mechanisms underlying American democracy.

Our Friend Diem

by Bernard B. Fall

One of the worst crosses a writer has to bear is the tendency of publishers to give what they think are "catchy" titles to the books they bring out. Thus, Denis Warner's book on how Southeast Asia is going to hell in a handbasket got stuck with its title, which obviously refers to President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Vietnam and gives the superficial reader the impression that he is going to get an inside view on the lives and loves of the Ngo family.

The Last Confucian
by Denis Warner
(Macmillan; $5.95)

He does not, but instead gets a lively, very well written, first-hand overview of how Communist "war by seepage" is undermining the last remnants of a Western position throughout Southeast Asia. Denis Warner is singularly well-equipped to do that sort of job. A born Australian – it would be worth a sociological study to find out why the Australians, New Zealanders, and Canadians occupy such an important place in British journalism, from Lord Beaverbrook to the late David Low – Warner has traveled and written about Southeast Asia for almost 20 years. Ever since the day the French generals were promising the world to win the Indochina war "in three years," Warner has been an eyewitness to almost every guerrilla campaign fought in that unfortunate peninsula. This gives him a feel for the local atmosphere and an ability to spot the pat and phony story that very few other Western journalists can equal. Warner combines this with a happy knack for the well-turned phrase which sums up a complicated situation in a few words: "This regime," says he of Diem's government, "is too old to make friends now: it has only accomplices."

Yet, with all its inherent journalistic qualities, Warner's book also carries all the stigmata of a serious book written by a journalist: it is slapdash, repetitious at times, and often little else but previously-published articles tied together with a few hasty additional notes. Warner must have been aware of some of these shortcomings, for he defends his own way of spelling Vietnamese names by saying that "since this is not a book for the specialists I make no apologies."

But to write a book without footnotes – and he has my vote of thanks for this – does not relieve him from a general obligation of accuracy. On the whole, then, Warner is at his very best when he describes actual events as he has seen them recently, and at his very worst when he goes back into history as recent as the French-fought First Indochina War. In recounting many incidents, he must have used his own notes as his only reference, disregarding any other standard sources. The result is obvious in his chapter "Defeat at Dien Bien Phu."

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never amounted to more than a regimental thrust, even according to the men on the spot. Na-Sam, an airhead which preceded Dien Bien Phu, was a great deal more than "about a mile long" and in fact included two complete fortified belts.

The author's appreciation of Ngo Dinh Diem himself, although he lets the reader believe in the preface that it contains new material hitherto unknown to the public, is little else but the standard Saigon press release, plus extracts from various *Time* profiles of Southeast Asia's Sawdust Caesar and from an uncritical panegyric published a year ago in *The New Yorker* by Robert Shaplen. And while Warner makes some mild references to the strong-arm tactics of Diem's police and security service, he ends a chapter dealing with the political situation in mid-1962 by citing the impressions of a visitor who "went home agreeably surprised" because "by comparison with North Vietnam, of course, it is nothing like a police state." While one may draw slim comfort from the fact that South Vietnam kills Buddhists less efficiently than North Vietnam kills landlords (the same idiotic comparison was made by Joseph Alsop in his column of September 27, 1963), that does not seem enough of a difference to throw South Vietnam's population on the side of the "Free World." Or, in any case, on Diem's side.

But it is the chapter on "The Aid That Failed" which should receive some attention in Washington and be brought to the attention of the President, perhaps as a side lecture to the no doubt optimistic McNamara-Taylor report; for it is a factual recital of what eight years of *optimisme de commande* and doctrinaire blindness can do to the best-intended US aid program. He leads off with quotations from reports going back all the way to the 1954 reports of Senator Mike Mansfield, when the latter found that the military situation of the French was "improving," and goes on to cite various American military advisers in Vietnam, each of whom guaranteed that, militarily at least, the situation was well in hand. He spells out for the first time, without hiding the fact behind professional gobbledygook, how the United States *refused* to arm Vietnamese militia and civil guard forces until far too late in the game, because all advisers concerned were absolutely certain that the only real threat would come from a Korea-like North Vietnamese invasion. While a State Department report as late as 1962 spoke of a Vietnamese "economic miracle," Warner – though known for his strong American sympathies, which he shares with most Australians – bluntly dismisses it all as humbug, or worse:

> "Nothing could have been further from the truth. A meager 1.4 percent of United States aid, or $15 million, went to agriculture between 1955 and 1960. The much-vaunted rural help program did not exist. Land reform was a flop. Industry was insignificant."

Whether the statement is entirely true in its sweeping generalization can be debated. What counts is that the situation probably did look hopeless to enough Vietnamese peasants to make the South Vietnam Liberation Front (the so-called "Viet-Cong") seem a valid alternative. And that was what made the "bandit remnants" of 1959 into the full-fledged Second Indochina War of the 1960's.

The reader will find little room for comfort in Warner's chapters about Laos and northeastern Thailand, where the true-and-tried processes of "aggression by seepage" already have yielded appreciable results. Like many other Anglo-American observers, Warner tends to look to Laos as one of the keys to the Vietnam problem, whereas the bulk of the French observers tend to see the problem in a different direction: settle the South Vietnam problem, they say, and Laos will settle itself, for the Viet-Minh can see little need for the control of pretty inhospitable land except as an adjunct to the Vietnam operation. And somewhere in the book, around page 129, hides a small nugget which, when the book was written in 1962, was of no importance whatever, but now sheds a blinding light on the allegedly so-sudden and so-unexplainable Buddhist riots; Warner tells the story of the ruthless shelling of open peasant villages and pagodas in Tra Vinh province southwest of Saigon, and of the aimless arrest of Buddhist bonzes – in July, 1961, or almost *two years* before the conflict between Diem and the Buddhists came out in the open. The bonzes of Tra Vinh in vain petitioned the provincial chief for the release of their colleagues and against the shelling of the villages and pagodas. And when their petition was not heeded, "some months later their leader, Superior Bonze Son Vong, appeared on the lists of the central committee of the Viet Cong's National Liberation Front." All that, of course, was never reported to the unfortunate Mr. Frederick F. Nolting, US Ambassador in Saigon, who left there in August, 1963, not having seen "a single instance of anti-Buddhist discrimination in two-and-a-half years."

Australians seem to be optimists by temperament, as this writer could see for himself during a brief stay in their country last year, and Warner sees a silver lining of hope in American Special Forces operations in South Vietnam's mountain plateau area and in "hopeful signs that we have at least learned the lessons of the Indochina War." From a vantage point that is somewhat closer to Washington than Warner's, I tend to doubt this. There is still far too much emphasis on the gimmicks of military technology and not enough on the real needs and desires of the people; and the thoroughly phony "election" which took place in South Vietnam on September 27, 1963, is hardly likely to improve the picture.

"We looked for figureheads," says Warner at one point in his conclusion, "when we should have been looking for people. We raised armies instead of living standards." I wish I were as sure as Denis Warner that such events, as far as South Vietnam is concerned, deserve to be described in the past tense.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Jean Daniel *is foreign affairs editor of* L'Express. Paul Goodman's *newest book is* The Society I Live In is Mine. Philip Benn *is a correspondent for* Le Monde. Daniel M. Friedenberg *is a New York businessman and man of letters.* Bernard B. Fall, *professor international relations at Howard University, is the author of a forthcoming book,* The Two Vietnams.

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FILMS

Old Pro and Old Prose

Julien Duvivier is, in all senses, an old pro. He has made about fifty pictures in about forty years and, no more than most human beings could do, has not consistently made masterpieces. He has, in fact, made some quite poor pictures in recent years; but in the thirties he made *Poil de Carotte*, one of the loveliest of films about children, *Un Carnet de Bal*, *The Golem* with Harry Baur, *La Fin du Jour*, a film with Victor Francen and Louis Jouvet about an old actors' home, which is a treasury of good performances. If we are tempted to say that Duvivier has not lived up to his promise, we must remember that he never really made a firm one. In 1949 Paul Rotha wrote:

> "There is no question that Duvivier is an accomplished director. . . but the intermittent promise that he would develop a characteristic style of his own has not materialized. Perhaps this is because, while his work is expressive, he seems to have very little that he earnestly desires to express. . . . Every Duvivier film contains moments of craftsmanship so admirable that one wants to take him seriously, but how can one be serious about the body of his work as a whole?"

The Devil and the Ten Commandments (Union)
Tom Jones (Lopert)

The comment is still fair and is borne out by Duvivier's latest picture, a collection of episodes called *The Devil and the Ten Commandments*. Only seven commandments are dealt with, and none profoundly, but all save one are treated in perfectly skillful, highly entertaining style. The vignette of the stripper married to the concierge, which I thought weak, comes early and leaves early; all the others have revue-sketch point, either amusing or touching. Duvivier, who has had a hand in all the scripts, understands that an episodic film must imply such a point in each section and must keep its word.

Plots with twists should not be untwisted in advance. Let us note only that the little melodrama with Charles Aznavour is well sustained; the episode in which Alain Delon learns the identity of his parents is a neat heartstring-tugger; and the religious parable in which Fernandel plays God (no less) is excellently turned. If the finish is foreseeable, the wait for it is amply filled with Fernandel's straightforward, unembarrassed portrayal and with a small gem of a performance by Germaine Kerjean as a dying old farm-woman.

On the light side, Michel Simon has a salty holiday as a blasphemous handyman in a convent; there is a slick *pas de quatre* among two married couples with Françoise Arnoul, Micheline Presle, Claude Dauphin, and, oddly, Mel Ferrer; and the finale is a Clair-like farce about thievery with Jean-Claude Brialy and Louis de Funes.

Doubtless I have been well primed for this picture by the recent spate of omnibus films by different directors, full of damp New Wavelets and flavorless Italian ices, usually inconclusive or dull, full of vacuous self-expression. Duvivier, as Rotha noted, has had very little that was burning inside him to get out. He makes films to make money, and to make money he has to try to entertain. One produces at least as many poor films that way as from motives of art, but when Duvivier succeeds, he entertains well. How pleasant it is, once in a while, to be in the hands of a man who is the 20th-Century, wide-screen equivalent of a skillful strolling player.

A film that will probably get more serious attention but that is much less satisfactory is *Tom Jones*, as adapted for the screen by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson. An imposing duo, as imposition goes these days; but the Osborne-Richardson effort is the product of uncertainty, nervousness, muddled method.

Before the credits, the opening of the

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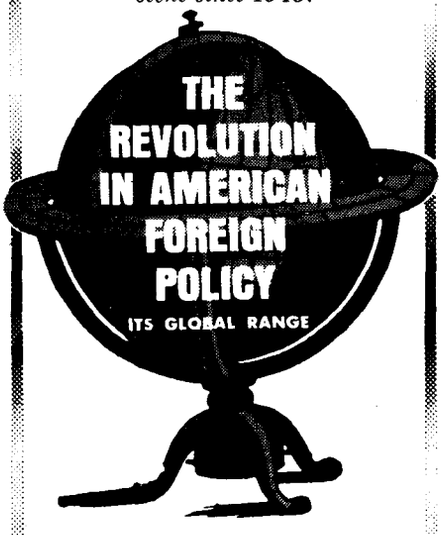

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story (the discovery of the infant in Squire Allworthy's bed) is done in mock silent-film fashion, with hurried action and printed titles – all the stock parody. Then through the film we get such a hotch-potch of trickery, japery, hustle and bustle – including stopped camera, frenzied intercutting, winks at the audience – that we become increasingly conscious that the director is worried about "getting away" with this 18-Century story and would use jazz or gags about Profumo if he only dared. What is even worse is the occasional intrusion of subjective technique. (Almost *every* technique intrudes occasionally; this is the worst.) Fielding's book is the first epic of the man of middle sensuality but it is still an epic. Richardson has cut right against the large narrative line with his imitations of current continental film vogues, his nagging ambition to be taken seriously by film clubs, and his contradictory worries about holding a large audience. His work on stage and screen continues to define the incongruity between his various ambitions and his less varied abilities.

Osborne's adaptation, presumably made under the director's guidance, suits the helter-skelter, harriedly smart-aleck direction. Whether it is Osborne's doing or the editor's, no scene seems ever to finish; and a last-minute gallows rescue, possibly inspired by *The Beggar's Opera*, has been added unto Fielding.

There are some good elements, particularly the background of squalor, gluttony, filth, painted in vividly à la Fielding's friend, Hogarth. A scene in which Tom and Mrs. Waters woo by eating – gnawing and sucking meat and fruit as they leer at each other – is very funny. Walter Lassally's color photography is exquisite and is done in the prevailing non-sunny English light. Albert Finney, as Jones, enjoys himself heartily but little of a sustained performance is possible here. Susannah York has maidenly charm as Sophia, George Devine makes Squire Allworthy bearable, Hugh Griffith makes wassailing Western appropriately unbearable. Joyce Redman, too long absent, is winning as the wanton Mrs. Waters.

But desperation is writ large over this picture. One is left wondering why, if Richardson and Osborne did not really want to film the novel or were scared of it or lacked even a New Theory to impose on it, they did not leave it alone.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

THEATER

The Backwards Birds

The new English dramatists are very odd birds. They awwk and screech and holler as if they were cocks of the walk, and they lack no confidence in their capacity to soar – but they always seem to be flying backwards. Compared with preening peacocks like Coward, Rattigan, and Fry, these plainer specimens look like lusty fowl indeed, and it is satisfying to see Osborne, Wesker, Delaney, and Arden chasing such feathered fops from the coop. But beside the eagles which are trying their wings in France, the English sparrows seem quite grey. While their plumage is modest, it is also a little threadbare; while their calls are sharp, they are occasionally harsh and strident. Even by our own limited standards, the English pecking order seems like a throwback to an archaic stage of poultry development.

Luther
by John Osborne
(St. James Theater)

Chips With Everything
by Arnold Wesker
(Plymouth Theater)

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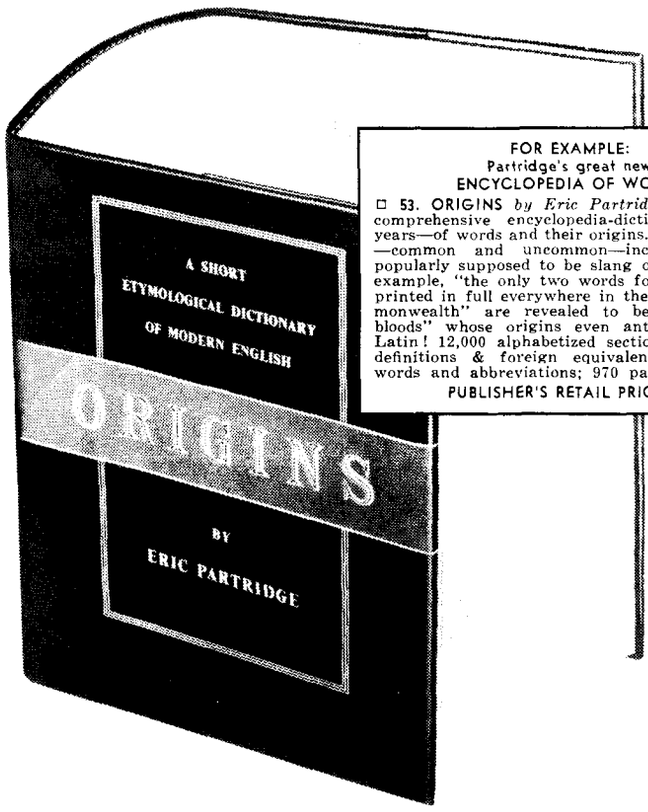

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fat with subtle superciliousness; the mountebank Staufitz, an effete salesman of indulgences; even the Pope himself, has ceased to believe in it – these vestiges of American social realism are native to every new English dramatist except Pinter, who imitates Beckett. It is a relief to be spared from polished Sussex drawing rooms on the English stage; but Birmingham canals, Manchester slag heaps, and Brighton boardwalks are now becoming equally conventional. Perhaps the recent success of *Tom Jones* will be put an end to those innumerable plays and movies which focus so relentlessly on the grimy sludge of industrial cities, before concluding with testimonials to the indomitable spirit of lower-class England. For all their emphasis on external "truth," such documentaries are essentially false and sentimental, and, for all their fine acting, without art or imagination. The new English drama, like the American drama of the thirties, possesses a brilliant intensity and a passionate sense of engagement; but its naïve progressivism and proletarianism embarrasses us with memories of our past. In their attempt to identify with the working classes, Osborne and Wesker are constantly invoking the shades of Odets, just as Tony Richardson is beginning to remind us of Kazan.

Osborne shares with Odets the same nervous energy and the same keen ear for common speech – but also the same intellectual deficiencies, the same lack of control. All of these qualities are apparent in *Luther*, a work which is just as unfocussed as Osborne's previous efforts, and – despite its religious-historical setting – just as parochial. Osborne has finally abandoned lower-class England; still, the only consistent line in the play is its class line. After a soporific first act – during which Luther is initiated into the Augustinian order to the accompaniment of plain song, prayers, and directorial Kazanjammers from Tony Richardson – Osborne proceeds to characterize the Protestant Reformation as the revolt of a peasant monk against an upper-class Church, followed by his subsequent betrayal of the class from which he sprang. As portrayed by Albert Finney, in a shuffling, colloquial, writhing, and electric performance, Luther emerges as an angry Midlands miner, determined to take the mickey out of his aristocratic bosses: the Papal Legate, played by John Mof- an indolent courtier in hunting clothes, enjoying the privileges of the gentry.

Osborne understands that the Reformation had wider reference than this, and includes some extra-social material as well, but none of it is very coherent. There is some suggestion that Luther's ambivalence towards authority was formed by his attitude towards his father. A few epileptic fits provide theatrical climaxes. And references are made – excessively, some have charged – to Luther's difficulties with his bowels. Actually, Osborne's anal obsessions are quite subdued when compared with Luther's (the central Lutheran inspiration – the famous *Thurmerlebnis* or "experience in the tower" – occurred to Luther on the latrine); and the playwright's scatalogical imagery is almost all lifted from Luther's sermons or his *Table Talk*. Osborne, however, fails to use this material for any other purpose than to spice up his dialogue or to show his hero in the torments of constipation. But any Freudian can tell him, and Norman O. Brown in *Life Against Death* has brilliantly demonstrated, that Luther's anality was intimately connected with his attitudes towards the Devil, towards usury, and towards religion itself – theological problems which Osborne hardly mentions, though they are crucial to his subject. Thus, a magnificent possibility dwindles into a sketchy, narrow, and inconsequential tintype, neither fully written nor fully thought through.

Arnold Wesker's *Chips With Everything* is a much more finished and feeling play, though it suffers from the same social astigmatism. Wesker is animated by a profound political faith which gives him emotional intensity at the expense of artistic finish: his plays are always threatening to fall into socialist propaganda. *Chips With Everything* is no exception, but it has been vastly enhanced by an interesting military setting, and a superb production by the English Stage Company. Under the expert direction of John Dexter, every role becomes a cameo and every scene a unity; the play takes on an uncanny rhythmic precision as the conventions of time and place melt into the

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snappy cadences of marching men.

The plot concerns the unsuccessful rebellion of the aristocratic Pip Thompson against the RAF caste system; an enlisted man by choice, he refuses to betray his companions in the ranks by becoming an officer. The officers believe the enlisted men are mindless louts; Pip believes them to be dignified human beings – and to prove it, he encourages them to recite Burns' poetry and to sing folk songs instead of drinking, quarreling, and dancing the Twist. Pip even begins to establish a clumsy fellowship with some of the men; but the more attractive he becomes to the recruits, the more the officers determine to make him join their ranks. When they discover his true motive for "slumming" – his unconscious desire to be a "messiah to the masses" – they break his spirit and make him submit; and he immediately adopts the condescending prejudices of his caste. Much of this is reminiscent of *The Mint* where another fugitive from his class, T. E. Lawrence, tells of his efforts to lose his personality in the ranks of the RAF; and when Wesker is writing of the intellectual's unhappy failure to merge with the masses, he uncorks a subject which is both moving and, one suspects, deeply felt. But too often, Wesker's ideology dominates his personal experience, so that preachment begins to replace perception and the ugly head of agit-prop starts to waggle, while his characters tend to develop into caricatures from Marxist melodrama.

For all this, *Chips With Everything* is a real development for Wesker who is beginning to grope his way, tentatively and bashfully, towards deeper wells of emotion – if only his awareness were also deeper. The strength of his sincerity has always been powerful, and his sense of conviction makes me mourn my lost innocence – but I wish he would lose some of his. Crude, unsophisticated, unskeptical, the new English dramatists unwittingly demonstrate that politics and art can no more be synthesized than doctrine and truth: what their ideology gives them in vitality, it takes away in complication. They are birds of a feather – if only they would lose the flock, and learn to fly alone.

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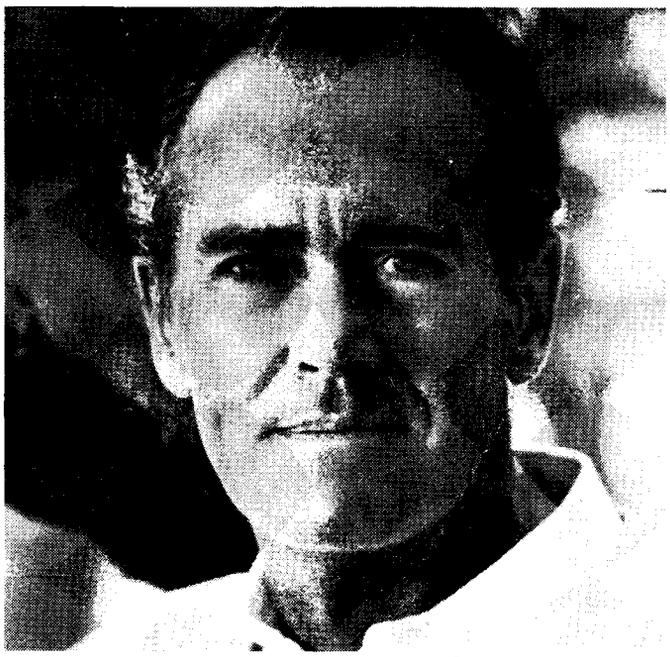

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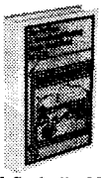

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